The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1914.

Summary of the News

In the western field of operations the battle of the Aisne has continued and there has been little change in the situation during the past week. In the east the Russians have made further gains in Galicia, and in East Prussia and Poland there have been advance and retreat, with no decisive gain for either side. We deal elsewhere with these events.

The position of Italy continues to be the subject of agitated comment in the foreign press. There is no doubt that among at any rate a large section of the population there is a decided sentiment in favor of entering the war on the side of the Allies. On the other hand, a considerable number of the more sober-minded of the people of Italy have, at all events until recently, supported the Government in its efforts to preserve neutrality. The Government has undoubtedly made a strong effort to prevent the country from being forced into war by popular clamor and to avoid the invidious appearance of taking a part only in order that Italy may have a share of the spoils should the Allies prove victorious. So far as that goes, if there shall be a division of plunder, Italy's neutrality alone will probably be considered sufficient to entitle her to repossession of the Italian territory occupied by Austria, and it is possible that the Government may be able to preserve its present attitude; but there is no doubt as to the cause that lies near to the hearts of the Italian people, and it looks as if only a small pretext would be needed to make them take up arms in its behalf.

That pretext may not impossibly be afforded by complications in the Albanian situation. Unaided, certainly, by happy chance or, apparently, by natural adaptability, Prince William of Wied, we may presume, has definitely laid aside the Mpretship of Albania. At any rate, the Albanian Senate has elected Prince Burhan-Eddin, a son of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, to the vacant throne of that turbulent country, thereby flying in the face of the Powers. Simultaneously Essad Pasha, with twelve thousand troops, has prepared to march on Durazzo to overthrow the interregnum. Here is a situation which might afford Italy an opportunity to intervene in Albania "to protect her interests," and intervention by Italy would most probably mean a declaration of war on the part of Austria.

The ultimate fate of many of the oversea possessions of the contending Powers will naturally be settled not in those possessions themselves, but on the battlefields of Europe and in the North Sea. Meanwhile, however, the colonies of Germany are gradually being appropriated by her enemies, and already territory amounting to more than half the size of the German Empire in Europe has been lost. In addition to the seizures of German colonies already made, it was announced last week that a South African Union defence force on September 19 occupied Luderitzbucht, in German Southwest Africa, and that a French gunboat on September 21 took possession of Coco Beach, in Kamarun, the German colony in Western Equatorial Africa. On Monday official announcement was made that Duala, the official seat of the Government of Kamarun, had surrendered to a British force. It was stated last week that Gen. Botha, the Premier of the South African Union, would personally command the force that is being organized for offensive purposes in German Southwest Africa.

The War Revenue bill, comment on which will be found elsewhere, was passed by the House on Saturday of last week by a vote of 234 to 135. Only one Republican voted for the bill, and eleven Democrats voted against it.

The Trade Commission bill was signed by the President on September 26. As previously announced by the President, the members of the Commission will not be appointed until the session of Congress in December.

The Senate substitute for the Rivers and Harbors bill, limiting the amount of appropriation to $20,000,000, was agreed to by the Rivers and Harbors Committee on Monday.

According to dispatches from Washington, the President has let it be known that he has no intention of dropping the bill providing for the Government ownership of shipping at this session of Congress unless he can be convinced that new circumstances have arisen to make the postponement of action at this time necessary.

By order of Secretary Daniels, the Marconi wireless station at Siasconset, Mass., was closed at noon on September 25. This action was taken in consequence of the failure of the company to give assurances that it would comply with the regulations of the naval censorship.

In an interview with President J. F. Welborn, of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, on Wednesday of last week President Wilson made it clear that he insisted upon a three years' truce in the strike situation in Colorado as laid down in his original plan for a solution of the difficulty. Objection has been raised by the mine operators to some of the details of the plan suggested, and these objections were formulated in a letter, published on Monday, which has been addressed to the President by the presidents or chairmen of forty-eight Colorado mine companies. Further comment on this matter will be found in our editorial columns.

By a considerable majority in the election on September 23 the State of Virginia declared in favor of prohibition.

As we write, the returns from the primaries held in New York State on Monday are not absolutely complete, but organization candidates appear in each case to have won and the following nominations are indicated with fair certainty: For Governor—Gov. Martin H. Glynn (Democrat), Charles S. Whitman (Republican), Frederick M. Davenport (Progressive). For United States Senator—Ambassador James W. Gerard (Democrat), James W. Wadsworth, jr. (Republican), Bainbridge Colby (Progressive; unopposed).

According to figures cabled by Sir Edward Grey to the British Embassy in Washington, 387 German merchant vessels have been seized since the beginning of the war, having a total tonnage of 1,140,000. Eighty-six British vessels have been lost, the tonnage of which amounts to 229,000.

After the hopefulness which has been felt by the Administration concerning the Mexican situation, the breach between Villa and Carranza, which came to a head on September 22, is the more disappointing. The differences between the two leaders were summarized in a statement given out by Gen. Carranza on September 26. Villa, he declared, demanded that the general conference, which was to have been summoned on October 1, should pledge itself to reëstablish the national and state civil régimes within thirty days after the conference concluded its discussions; that no present army officer should be eligible as a candidate for any elective office; that the Federal State Legislature should be convoked immediately, and that the electoral college should be chosen for the election of a permanent President. To these demands Gen. Carranza replied that only the conference itself was able to take up these questions.

The first clash in the new revolution proclaimed by the State of Sonora took place at Santa Barbara, on September 25, when Carranzista forces under Gen. Benjamin Hill were routed by the troops of Gov. Maytorena, and, finding themselves outnumbered, retreated in the direction of Santa Cruz. On Friday of last week Brig.-Gen. Funston, commanding the American forces at Vera Cruz, was ordered to postpone the evacuation for ten days, the official explanation being given that the order was caused by a delay in the adjustment of many details incident to the transfer of funds and the custom house.

The gist of the quarrel between the Constitutionalist leaders is that Villa demands the total elimination of Carranza, and officials of the Administration express the hope that an agreement may be reached on this basis. Efforts have been made to arrange for a conference of representatives of Villa and Carranza. The latter has signified his willingness not to become a candidate for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency if Villa will do the same, and on Monday Consular Agent Carothers made a report to the Administration containing assurances from Villa that he would not be a candidate for either office. The attitude determined on by the Administration is one of strict neutrality as between the two factions; the embargo on the importation of arms will not be restored, and it is stated that the order for the evacuation of Vera Cruz will stand, except for the delay necessitated by the change in the situation.

The deaths of the week include: Ex-Representative William S. Knox, September 22; Dr. John McGraw Woodbury, September 24; Dr. John Lanson Adams, Right Rev. Franklin S. Spalding, Sir James P. Whitney, September 25; Hugo Reisinger, Col. Franklin J. Moses, David M. Levett, September 26; ex-Representative John M. Wever, September 27; Richard W. Sears, Prof. William K. Gillett, September 28.

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The Week

The Administration's somewhat hopeful view of the break between Villa and Carranza is based on a belief that, while their distrust of each other has been long smouldering, they are by no means yet irreconcilable. The immediate rupture was apparently caused by a difference over the basis of representation in the approaching Constitutionalist Convention. It is Villa's conviction that Carranza was attempting to pack the meeting with his adherents; while Carranza seemingly looks with suspicion upon the field commander's desire to apportion seats according to units of 1,000 soldiers. But if both men are fundamentally sincere, adjustment of such a disagreement should be possible. If both hold to the principles for which they fought side by side through bloody and discouraging months, there can be no genuine reason for their turning upon each other. And for the present, there is no proved ground for believing either a traitor to the cause. The danger is that a factitious misunderstanding will lead to fighting and permanent bitterness. In any event, President Wilson can only continue his policy of watchful and hopeful waiting. The Mexicans must be left to adjust matters among themselves, and they must understand by this time that a renewal of their bickerings will simply defer American recognition of the provisional Government. Surely, too, there are responsible elements in Mexico that will make their influence felt towards a settlement.

The narrowness of the Democratic Senate majority increases the hope that the emergency revenue bill to raise $105,000,000 may be amended in the upper chamber. A long delay is surely before it. As it passed the House Friday, eleven Democrats lined up with the solid Republican opposition; a defection of half so many votes in the Senate would defeat the measure, and defeat must be guarded against by making the bill more nearly satisfactory. In its present shape it is a mixture of good and bad, the objectionable items being mainly those in which it exceeds the scope of the Spanish War measure. For all the silliness of the Republican attempt to read into the emergency a condemnation of the Underwood tariff, the broader Republican contention that economical government would have saved the country from the special taxes commands respect. There is much insincere party manœuvring on such an issue, and it will be recalled that Mr. Underwood and other Democrats made party capital by opposing the Republican Spanish War tax. But the Democrats need a severe lesson in economy, as their predecessors did before them. They should be eager to make the measure, already freed from its two most preposterous proposals, as inoffensive as possible.

By linking together the Philippine and Porto Rico bills, and bringing in special rules for their consideration, the House approaches in a businesslike way an essential part of its programme. To the Porto Rico bill not the slightest opposition has been advanced, while the opponents of the Philippine measure have yielded their ground by evading the question. The Japanese bogey, that served so well the interests of those who preached a larger navy and the fortification of the Canal, is brought forth for this last service to the Republican forces. Certain Senators ask if it would be prudent to force a debate on our relations with Japan at a time of general sensitiveness in international affairs; but they fail to explain why it will be necessary to bring Japan into the matter at all. To this measure the Filipinos have ardently looked forward for six months, and the insular Administration has already paved the way for its liberal provisions. A public interest in the bill will be helpful in stimulating certain even of the Democratic members of Congress, who would be glad to see the House partially carry out the party platform, but who will have less concern in pushing it through the Senate. Congress has accomplished so much during the past week, in making law the Rivers and Harbors bill, the General Leasing bill, and the Massachusetts-Connecticut Boundary bill, in reaching a conference report on the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, and in passing the War Tax bill through the House, that it has the less excuse for delaying the two new measures.

Senator Shafroth's name gives force to the opposition to the Alaska Coal Leasing bill; but adherents of the measure, which was drafted under Secretary Lane's supervision and bears the approval of the Administration and of Alaskans, have successfully resisted his attacks. Its intent is to prevent monopoly of coal lands, and yet allow for their development by offering leases under strict limitations; thus ending a condition by which the people of the Territory, with their huge fields excluded from entry, now pay $18 per ton for British Columbia coal. Senator Shafroth's main objection is that the leasing system constitutes a moral violation of the compact between the States, putting those in which there are public lands, and which may therefore have to accept the system, in a position of inferiority. But this hardly applies to a Territory; while since a Supreme Court decision of 1840 the right of Congress to lease public land in the States has never been denied, and has repeatedly been exercised. The opening of Alaska coal lands to indiscriminate entry in 1901, again, produced so many abuses that leasing seems the only practicable method of obtaining fair development. The proposal to regulate prices by a certain amount of Government mining is obviously objectionable. Another contention of the opponents of the bill is that leasing is unfair to the Territorial treasury. This contention is unsound, even in the abstract; and as the proceeds from coal lands are to go for the construction of the Alaskan railways, and not to the national Government, it falls entirely to the ground. The bill is a necessary part of the Administration's programme to further mining, land, and water-power development, while promoting general conservation, and should be passed.

It is not hard to account for the dissatisfaction which has led Postmaster-General Burleson to propose to the Senate Post Office Committee a scheme to save $20,000,000 annually by turning the rural free delivery over to contractors. The immense growth of the R. F. D. since 1896 has given it 40,000 routes, with an army of carriers that is a definite factor in Congressional politics. The salaries of these carriers have been raised eight times in fourteen years, and stood in 1913 at $1,100 per annum. A careful consideration of the conditions of the service convinced the Postmaster-General that such a figure was then adequate, especially as an enormous number of applications were regularly received for employment at the prevailing rate. Nevertheless, the maximum salary was raised again this summer to $1,200. It was freely charged in Congress that this was largely in consequence of the activities of a lobby, supported by the *R. F. D. News*. At the same time, the Postmaster-General was left to remedy a state of things under which some carriers of 20,000 pieces of mail monthly received no more than some who carried 3,000. The whole subject evidently needs close looking into. The Department now pays $53,000,000 for a service which annually returns less than $10,000,000. If Mr. Burleson can show that

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$20,000,000 of the Government expense is waste which could be avoided under the contract system, there will naturally be a strong demand that that remedy be speedily adopted.

Secretary McAdoo has conducted the Government's side of the "emergency expedients," since the war began, with promptness and judgment. His attitude towards certain unsound suggestions—notably that which would have had the Treasury issue currency against the whole cotton crop—was entirely statesmanlike, and was very useful in stopping the progress of a number of inflation schemes before they had been pushed long enough to be dangerous. It is these very creditable actions which cause the greater regret for the recklessness with which the Secretary has more recently been hurling at various banks and groups of banks charges of extortion and deliberate misuse of the emergency facilities. Blunders are made by banks in matters of this sort, and, in special cases, the cause may be selfishness as well as excessive fright; but nothing could be simpler, for a firm executive officer, than in a quiet and dignified way to apply direct personal pressure to such institutions, and insist on the abandonment of such policies. The alternative of rushing into print with hasty accusations, imputing evil motives and threatening condign punishment, is not only highly undignified, but is certain to land the accuser in the kind of position in which the Secretary found himself last Monday, when he had to withdraw a charge of extortion, publicly made against certain New York institutions, with the explanation that the man (unconnected with the banks in question) who had given the incriminating information had admitted that he was mistaken. No such incidents ought to be allowed to happen, and nothing of the sort would happen if the Treasury abandoned in these matters the practice of snap judgment and premature publicity.

To the great problem of disarmament—absolute or relative, in the near future or the remote—which is bound to engage the attention of the world when the terrific struggle ends, Hamilton Holt contributes a suggestion well worthy of study. His article appears in the current number of the *Independent*, under the title, "How to Disarm: A Practical Proposal." The argument is based on the history of federal unions, and especially of the United States; the proposal itself is that of the formation of a "League of Peace," founded on the following five principles:

(1.) The nations of the League shall mutually agree to respect the territory and sovereignty of each other.

(2.) All questions that cannot be settled by diplomacy shall be arbitrated.

(3.) The nations of the League shall provide a periodical assembly to make all rules to become law unless vetoed by a nation within a stated period.

(4.) The nations shall disarm to the point where the combined forces of the League shall be a certain per cent. higher than those of the most heavily armed nation or alliance outside the League. Detailed rules for this pro rata disarmament shall be formulated by the Assembly.

(5.) Any member of the League shall have the right to withdraw on due notice, or may be expelled by the unanimous vote of the others.

That the world should go on, after the appalling experiences which it is now undergoing, upon the old basis of mere blind competition in preparedness for general destruction, is a prospect to which no thinking mind can reconcile itself. When the bloodshed and devastation come to an end, the best thought in every nation must be centred upon the possibilities of remedy. And it is not improbable that it will be along some such lines as those which have been indicated by Mr. Holt that the remedy will be sought.

There is one feature of the war situation upon which we believe it is safe to say that opinion throughout the world is unanimous. Briton and German, belligerent and neutral, militarist and pacifist—all must agree that the present attitude of the Boers in South Africa is a magnificent vindication of the good policy—we say nothing of the righteousness—of the broad-minded and humane course adopted by the Liberal Government in England towards the people of the vanquished South African Republics. The British Imperialists were aghast at the folly of such treatment of men who were not only fresh from the carrying on of a war that had strained the resources of the Empire, but had been life-long enemies of British power and British influence; they could not find words strong enough to characterize conduct whose pusillanimity they regarded as matched only by its peril and its ineptitude. And now all the world finds that magnanimity and far-sighted humanity have achieved what no amount of rigor or force could possibly have accomplished; that respect for the rights of men and for the principles of free government has converted into an element of strength what would have been a source of danger in this time of trial. No more impressive lesson of the potency of right and justice has ever been given than is furnished by the loyalty to the British Empire now being shown by the brave and sturdy people who, so short a time ago, were its bitterest and most determined enemies.

There is a passage in Dr. Eliot's fine letter in the New York *Times* which is liable to misinterpretation. Dr. Eliot quotes Goethe's remark that he was longing for the day when the national spirit in Germany should be "ready to rise in all its might, when the day of glory dawns," apparently as proof that even the greatest of Germans thirsted for military glory. As a matter of fact, Goethe has often enough been reproached by his countrymen with indifference on this very point. He has thus defended himself, in a well-known passage in "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," against the charge of not having taken part in the War of Liberation: "How could I take up arms without being impelled thereto by hatred? And how could I hate at my age? . . . War is foreign to me, and I am without military ambition." And in pointing out to Eckermann why he could not ever write martial poetry, as Theodor Körner had done, Goethe said, in a still loftier strain:

> I have never written love songs except when I loved; how, then, could I have written songs of hatred without hating? Between ourselves, I never hated the French, although I thanked God when we were rid of them. How could I, to whom the question of culture and barbarism alone is all-important, hate a nation which is among the most cultured of the world, and to which I owe so great part of my own culture? National hatred is indeed a peculiar thing. It is always found more pronounced and violent where civilization is lowest; but there is a stage of culture where it vanishes altogether, where one stands, so to say, above all nations, and feels the happiness and the sorrows of a neighboring people as much as if they were a part of one's own.

No one knows better than Dr. Eliot how vast was the horizon over which Goethe's vision swept, in the course of his long life, and that the subject of his nation's greatness, like so many other subjects, presented different aspects to him at different times. Dr. Eliot must therefore recognize in Goethe one of the world's tranquil masters to whom all nations will turn to lead them once more in the path of civilization, after the "glories" of the present war shall have ceased to trouble us.

Among services of this war to letters, we must not forget the fresh material it should offer Henry James in the satirizing of ex-

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patriate Americans. The resources of spleen demonstrated by some luxurious souls given their first taste of hardship—spleen vented upon the President, Ambassadors, and Consuls, relief committees, railway, steamship, bank, and hotel officers—are most extraordinary. One woman, convinced up to August, 1914, that the universe was primarily ordained for American millionaires, has risen in London to heights of sarcasm "about what she asserted was the beautiful treatment accorded to her by Ambassador Gerard, Major Ryan, and others in Berlin, and by Minister Van Dyke at The Hague." While a prominent financial writer abuses our Government for not sending army transports in fleets, returning scores curse the fate that humiliates them with second-class passage. Why did not Europe, facing a life-and-death struggle, stop everything to coddle her guests to safety? Why did not transportation agencies show a clock-work efficiency in dealing with so easily foreseen a crisis? Fortunately, the shield has its obverse in a majority of travelling Americans who are uncomplaining and considerate, and in Americans resident abroad who are lending every energy to succor the wounded and distressed. Such persons, together with the Government officials who have wrought so bravely in the emergency, can only echo Horace to the malcontent: *Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?*

The primaries in New York State on Monday furnished no surprises. In all parties the organization won, as expected. Any other result would have been truly surprising. Experience with the direct primary is more and more showing that the skilled practitioners can use that political tool as successfully as any other. As a rule, we must count upon the carrying of the primaries by the men who organize for the purpose of carrying them. This simply means that, in politics as everywhere else, close attention and discipline and work day in and day out will get the better of scattered and disunited efforts. Cool-headed advocates of the direct primary recognized all this from the beginning. The disappointment is only for those who dreamed that, somehow, the direct primary would be a device to give us automatically high-grade and independent candidates, and to defeat the bosses and smash the machines. But the truth is that you can't smash the machine simply by more machinery. A given piece of machinery is better than another; and the really sound argument for the direct primary is that it is a great improvement over the old system. This means only that it can be used with greater ease and effect, if the determination to use it exists. But short of some great and exciting issue, some outrage of boss nomination, this weapon will not be seized upon eagerly by the rank and file of the party, and the consequence is that the leaders will generally have their way. They had it on Monday in New York.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, a thick-and-thin protectionist newspaper, and the leading daily in that citadel of protectionism, is fighting vigorously against Penrose. This is a pleasing development when one recalls the long history of the old Pennsylvania Republican machine. What made the continuous rule of the Camerons, and Quay, and Penrose possible was that, with extremely few exceptions, even the best of Philadelphia Republicans drew the line, in their resistance to it, at the point where their action might in any way imperil the sacred edifice of protection. The *Ledger* itself does, indeed, insist that protection is not practically involved in Penrose's election, or the reverse; thus it devotes a leading editorial to proving, by a survey of the prospective vacancies in the Senate, "that it would be practically impossible, unless there is a Republican tidal wave in 1916 and 1918, to overcome the Democratic majority in the United States before 1920," and that therefore "the future of the protective system" is not "in any way contingent upon the defeat of Senator Penrose." But that is not the good old Pennsylvania way of thinking about protection. In season and out of season, with danger near or remote, with expectations reasonable or unreasonable, the one supreme duty was to stand by protection and to knock free trade in the head. How are you going to have a tidal wave if you don't work for it? And what is a little thing like Penrose's corrupt organization in comparison with winning a victory for protection? That was the old-time Pennsylvania way of thinking, and it is encouraging to see evidences that it is being outgrown.

The report upon the timber barons of the United States and their immense holdings which the Bureau of Corporations has just published reveals a condition that must seem very serious to all friends of equitable national development. We have within our own borders estates which the most opulent Mexican landholders would regard with respect; they were in some cases acquired unfairly, if not illegally; and they are in many cases administered without regard for the common good. Briefly, the report shows that "1,694 timber owners hold in fee over one-twentieth of the land area of the United States"—105,600,000 acres, or an area two and one-half times the size of New England. Sixteen owners hold 47,800,000 acres; three railways have enough to give fifteen acres to every adult male in the nine Western States where their holdings lie; while in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan 45 per cent. of the land is held by 32, and in Florida one-third of the entire State by 52 timber owners. The cause of all this is lavish land grants and loose, ill-enforced land laws. Lands that in the early days of the Republic were granted in expectation of quick redistribution to small holders are still intact. Of 82,500,000 acres granted to three Western railways in the 'sixties, the roads still retained 40 per cent. in 1910. These figures should give the country a new interest in Government suits like that instituted last year to recover millions of acres from the Southern Pacific Company, the Southern Oregon Company, and others. They should also stimulate the belated movement to revise the public-land laws.

A round million dollars will be paid by Chicago this year for the elections it will hold. As the offices to be filled number 153, the cost of filling each office will be over $6,500. This sum strikes some citizens as disproportionate. An Alderman receives $3,000 a year; ought it to cost more than twice that to select him? A State legislator is paid $2,000. The officials whose salaries come nearest to equalling what it costs to elect them are the Municipal Court judges, who receive $6,000 a year. There is, however, no necessary relation between the salary of an office and the expense connected with the election by which it is filled; the cost of elections is merely part of the price we pay for self-government. But voters in Chicago seem to have a real grievance in the cost of their elections. For one thing, in every period of six years there are five years in which there are at least two elections a year and a primary for each. The sixth year has only one election and its corresponding primary, but this is offset by an occasional year that brings three elections. This is surely too many voting-days, but not only or even mainly because of the expense they involve. The real objection to so many elections is that they ask of the voter more than he will grant, which means government by professional politicians. The expense of unnecessary elections can, however, legitimately be used as a strong popular argument against them.

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SLAVERY AND MILITARISM.

The praises of militarism, still sounded in certain quarters, are strangely like the laudations of negro slavery which were heard in this country on the eve of the Civil War which was to abolish it forever. In both cases, that is to say, what was at first apologized for as temporary evil is held up later as the highest good. We know that it was so with slavery. Washington and Jefferson groaned over it and were ashamed of it. But Toombs and Davis exalted it as the ideal form of human society. The late Professor von Holst, in a telling monograph, brought together a striking body of quotations from Southern writers and statesmen, setting forth the successive changes in the way of viewing slavery. From being thought of as a reproach and a crime, it came to be ecstatically described as the divinely ordained means of bringing society and government to perfection.

This is an old story, as respects slavery. But is it not being repeated to-day in the defence and glorification of militarism? The parallel can hardly fail to be noted by one who attends to the new ways of looking at militarism. In the beginning, nobody had a word to say for it except as a matter of dire necessity. Compulsory service for two or three years by every youth physically fit; the immense money sacrifices that were involved; the crushing burdens of taxation that resulted; the constant imperilling of peace that went with the rest—all these things were originally represented as a duty laid upon citizens, but a confessedly grievous duty. It was hard to be borne, and everybody hoped that the time would come when it might be got rid of altogether. But little by little the point of view changed. The time came when the nation in arms was declared to be the model of modern civilization. Nothing like the life of a soldier for mental, moral, and spiritual discipline, it was said. Nothing so uplifting as the completest possible preparation for war; nothing so glorious as war itself. The consummate flower of civilization was *das Volk in Waffen.*

We have not exaggerated the language used by the enthusiastic champions of militarism. And we do not refer to the fanatics for armaments and for war—men like Bernhardi, whose writings have injured the German cause more than two hostile army corps could have done. Ideas like his have permeated all classes. They are adopted—or, at least, uttered under the stress of war—by clergymen and university professors of moral philosophy. There is no need to mention names. Nor do we assert that the cult of militarism is confined to Germany. The thing has become a terrible obsession lying upon all Europe. One can perhaps see its growth, and the reasons for it, more clearly in the German Empire than elsewhere, but the spirit of militarism has shown itself everywhere. And our present point is that it has distorted the vision and confused the judgment of men just as slavery did. Sober men, educated men, finally embrace the evil which they at first thought frightful.

This process of subtle change, by which men came to look upon evil and say to it, Be thou my good, is not so absolutely unintelligible as it might seem. In the instance of slavery, the historian and the moralist have shown us how it came about. Even good citizens were insensibly caught in a moral mesh. They could not see where self-interest and greed had blinded them to immutable truths. And a fair and calm study of the rise and spread of militarism in Europe would reveal distinct causes definitely at work to produce the state of affairs which is now distressing the world. The phenomenon is in part the old one of a plausible argument being worked to death. Because Stein and Bismarck drilled and organized, thereby succeeding, everybody must be given over to a passion for drilling and military organization. That this should have finally resulted in the elevation of the soldier above all his fellows, and the apotheosis of war, is a fearful thing, no doubt, but one can understand it. So could one understand the domination of slavery in this country. But that did not lessen the hatred of it which our truest-souled patriots felt. Nor will clear-eyed men to-day be less resolute in hoping and working for the destruction of the noxious growths of militarism simply because they perceive in what soil it is rooted.

One long and bloody war made an end of slavery. May we faintly trust the larger hope that another will rid the world of the curse of militarism? We cannot at present see far into the maze. How the great good desired can come out of the awful evil now pressing down upon the heart of all mankind, no man will undertake to say. But it may be that in the high designs of Providence this murderous war is to make men shudder hereafter at the very thought of war, and to loathe those who prepare for it and praise it; in such a way that militarism may expire on the battlefield as slavery did. Such a result would make the torrents of blood now being shed seem not altogether in vain. Hopes like these may well be in the minds of those who at President Wilson's bidding will next Sunday pray for peace.

THE SUBMARINE VICTORY.

If ever pride went before a fall it was Mr. Winston Churchill's. On September 11, in a speech in London, speaking of the German policy of conquering the British fleet by attrition, he boasted that the "attrition has been on their side and not on ours. The losses they have suffered have greatly exceeded ours." Since then four valuable British cruisers have been lost, perhaps without the slightest cost to the Germans, three by the submarine attack in the North Sea, and one in a fifteen minutes' engagement in the harbor of Zanzibar; and the boot is now on the other leg. The growing uneasiness of the British public over the inability of their fleet to get at the Germans Mr. Churchill has tried to meet by saying contemptuously that, if necessary, the "rats" would be "dug out of their holes." To this language of the hustings the Germans have made their answer, and Mr. Churchill will be further embarrassed by the fact that two stray German ships have sunk twenty big British merchantmen in Indian and South American waters, just after he had announced that they had only taken twelve merchantmen all told.

This debit balance may be upset by later news. Moreover, the loss to the British navy of seven cruisers since the beginning of the war is in itself trifling to a fleet which has about 120 to call upon, in addition to all the auxiliary cruisers, converted merchantmen, it has at its disposition. The German submarines must needs repeat their terrible victory many times before there is sufficient attrition to make a serious numerical showing. With the psychological factor, however, the situation is different. There can be no doubt that the German achievement will not only increase the unhappiness of the British public, but that it will enormously increase the strain upon the blockading British fleet. While the exact situation of the lost vessels is unknown, they were plainly not far distant from the Dutch coast; but that these German under-water boats have shown amazing daring and gone long distances from home is apparent. It is now officially admitted that it was a submarine and not a mine which sank the Pathfinder, September 5, on the east coast of Scotland, roughly 400 miles from the nearest German harbor. The Germans assert that they laid mines through submarines at the outbreak of the war at the very mouth of the Thames; it is beyond dispute that they deposited some quite near the east coast of England. A letter from a German sailor just published tells of a long voy-

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age to England for reconnaissance purposes, and of passing unseen under a British squadron off Scotland.

That this is not impossible appears from the fact that a submarine built at Kiel in 1908 is known to have had an ordinary range of action of 1,000 miles, coupled with the ability to make nine knots under water for a period of three consecutive hours. Since then improved vessels have been built—Germany has thirty-nine submarines built or building—indeed, it has been stated that the newest British submarines have a cruising radius of 2,000 miles, with an above-water speed of twenty-one knots and a submerged speed of not less than fifteen. The French submarine Mariotte has a radius of 2,200 miles at ten knots. One of the ninety-six English submarines built or building has already accounted for one small German cruiser, the Hela, and others took some slight part in the battle off Heligoland. But no submarine feat in naval history is comparable to this disposal in twenty minutes of three great cruisers. What anxiety, what nervous strain this will cause in Jellicoe's fleet no one can overestimate; but those of our officers who were with Sampson in the weary vigil off Santiago can well understand. Rear-Admiral Mahan, writing in the *Academy*, says that the heavy British blockaders must remain out of sight by day, and shift their positions every night, as the only possible safeguard against attack; and he rightly anticipated this latest news by saying that "in this war we may look for fairly decisive tests of the actual value of these new means of warfare; for the opponents are skilled, enterprising, and trained, which was not the case with the Russians in the naval war of ten years ago."

The nerves of Jellicoe's crews may be further tried by aircraft. Berlin insists that no Zeppelin has been injured or lost; Sir John French reports that not a single one has been sighted by the British troops. If they are being saved for some spectacular raid, might it not be for an effort to fly over the decks of the great British battleships quite as much as the coast of England? With the advent of winter the Zeppelins will become almost useless; this fact must steadily be before the British commander as the autumn wears away. But the submarine must remain the fleet's greatest danger. If there is luck, it may be smashed by a gun, as one of the German boats was recently sunk; if conditions are favorable to the attacker, the best of ships may go down like a stone, for some of these boats can fire eight torpedoes at a time. Altogether, if German daring succeeds further, Sir Percy Scott, who so recently announced the retirement of the battleship by reason of the submarine, may find his prophecy verified far sooner than he could possibly have expected. It is interesting in this connection to note that another British officer, Brig.-Gen. G. F. Stone, declares that submarines are preferable to heavy guns for purposes of coast defence.

SUPERSTITIONS OF COMMERCE.

The development of German industry and commerce during the past few decades has been no less impressive than that of her military power. In both the Kaiser has borne a notable and highly influential part. But, strange to say, the attribution to him of an almost god-like power and efficiency is very much more marked in relation to the advancement which Germany has made in her economic activities than in the domain of war. The Kaiser, says Mr. Carnegie, "has built up a great foreign commerce and a marvellous internal business." The special correspondent in Germany of one of the New York newspapers, speaking of the futility of all talk of a downfall of the Hohenzollerns as a possible consequence of the present war, writes as follows:

> Germans of every class have a worshipful admiration for the Kaiser. He is the greatest business man they have ever known. He has built German prosperity. It is to his leadership they owe that commanding position they have until this war occupied in the commercial world. He has not only encouraged mercantile and manufacturing enterprises, but he has almost created their over-seas trade. The marvellous development of commercial chemistry—in which field Germany stands easily foremost—is solely due to his initiative, and almost to his direct command.

That these statements represent the feeling and opinion prevalent throughout a large part of the German population, and especially in the high circles of finance and industry and commerce, we have no doubt. And that there is a certain degree of foundation for the feeling, we would not dispute. But in the main it is a striking instance of a phenomenon by no means rare in the history of commercial opinion—the tendency to cherish superstitious instead of rational views concerning the causes of material prosperity.

With the founding of the German Empire in 1871, the people of Germany entered upon a new era in their history—an era in which the ambitions and the energies of the nation were directed in a vastly augmented measure towards material advancement. The extraordinary thoroughness which had long been recognized as preëminent in their scientific work was sure in this modern day to tell with overwhelming effect in the development of their manufacturing industries, if once it was directed towards that end. As a manufacturing country Germany, at the time of the foundation of the Empire, was in its infancy. With a large and growing population, with the tradition of universal education two generations old, and with this great domain of human enterprise almost a virgin field before it, there needs no recourse to the hypothesis of a superman to explain what happened. The time had come for just such a development as we have seen, and the development followed. A very similar thing has happened in our own country; the causes underlying the enormous industrial growth of the United States in the past thirty years, though different from those operating in the case of Germany, are like them not only in being perfectly natural, but in the one particular which is essential to them both. A vast opportunity was open to a great, energetic, and enterprising people; and the time had come for them to take hold of it. There was no more reason why Germany should remain indefinitely a minor factor in the enterprises of modern industry than there was that the United States should. In the case of Germany this expansion has been in large part—though by no means completely—coincident in time with the reign of William II; and while it is not to be denied that he has exercised a considerable influence in stimulating it, the idea that it would not have been essentially of the same nature if he had simply stood by and looked on, is not worthy of a moment's consideration.

Even in the matter of rapidity of growth, a certain amount of illusion is prevalent among those who stand agape at the Kaiser's miracle. Thus if we look at the trade statistics in the latest volume of the Statesman's Year-Book we find that in the eight years 1905 to 1913 Germany's exports grew from £292,000,000 to £495,000,000, while those of the United Kingdom rose from £330,000,000 to £525,000,000. But it would be absurd to belittle in any aspect the achievements of Germany in manufactures, commerce, or finance; all that we are saying is that they are the achievements of a nation of 65,000,000 people equipped with the most efficient educational system the world has ever known, and highly endowed in ability, diligence, thoroughness, and thrift. To ascribe what they have done, except in an altogether subordinate degree, to the interposition of a divinely gifted ruler, is to adopt, but with far less excuse, the attitude

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of the Japanese commanders who piously attributed their victories to the virtue of the Mikado. "With far less excuse," we say, because, of course, Nogi and Togo knew perfectly well that it was only in some symbolic or mystical sense that they owed their victories to the Mikado's excellence. The extravagance and obfuscation of the idea is more like that which underlay the protectionist superstition in this country, when millions of otherwise intelligent Americans really seemed to think that had it not been for the tariff this great nation, with opportunities unparalleled in the history of civilization, would have been a poverty-stricken people grubbing along on pauper-labor wages. Or, to go a little farther back in history, it is on a par with that state of mind —now so difficult to realize, but which it required the genius of Adam Smith to dispel —when the whole mercantile world was obsessed with the idea that the great object of national commercial policy was to get, and to keep away from other nations, all the gold that it was possible for a country to lay hold of.

THE COLORADO PROBLEM.

The letter addressed to President Wilson by J. F. Welborn, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, made the prospect for a speedy return to normal conditions in the mining region of that State less promising than had been hoped. Some days later, a communication was presented to the President on behalf of forty-eight other Colorado coal-mining companies, taking essentially the same position as that expressed by Mr. Welborn, and going into fuller details as to the reasons for it. The first impulse of many, doubtless, will be to condemn out of hand the attitude assumed by the companies. But the case is one calling for calm and earnest consideration, and not for the passing of hasty and sweeping judgment. Let us endeavor to see, then, what the essential points in the situation are, and what may yet be done to bring about not, indeed, an ideal settlement, but a working solution, of the difficulty.

First and foremost, it must be recalled that the plan worked out by the Federal Commissioners, and submitted to both sides by President Wilson, was put forward not as a definitive, but as a "tentative" proposal. While, therefore, it was generally hoped, and indeed urged—as it was by the *Nation*—that both sides should accept the proposal, the making of objections to particular features of it, coupled with the expression of a desire to discuss the question, cannot be regarded as fatal. This is what the operators have done. Secondly, it is stated that the President does not consider the question closed, that he is working for further negotiations, and that he still looks for a favorable settlement. In a matter of this kind, so much is possible as a result of face-to-face discussion, with the public interest represented by a man of Mr. Wilson's clearness of mind and strength of purpose, that we can but regard the outlook as hopeful so long as the President does not himself give up the effort.

As for the points in the proposed *modus vivendi* to which the operators object, the essence of them is easily stated. They object to the requirement that *all* miners who have not been found guilty of violations of law shall be reëmployed; and this for three separate and distinct reasons. First, that many men who have not been so found guilty are nevertheless well known to have been guilty of fomenting and committing violence, and that their hostility to the men who continued peacefully at work will make their working alongside these latter in the mines a constant source of friction and of danger. On this head, the letter of the forty-eight companies particularizes as follows:

> In six of the counties of the State 332 of the strikers, including officers of the United Mine Workers of America, are under indictment for murder and 137 for other felonies. None of them have been tried, therefore none have been found guilty, and much time may elapse before they are tried.

Secondly, that the requirement is incompatible with retaining the men who have stood by their employers throughout the time of trouble, and such desertion of faithful workmen would be disgraceful and against public policy. And thirdly, that the requirement in any case ignores the practical limitation of the opportunities for employment, especially at this time of diminished demand.

In addition to these broad considerations, relating to fundamental questions, the operators object to certain other points upon which we feel that they would have been better advised to show a more conciliatory spirit. These relate to functions of the proposed permanent Grievance Commission. They object to the proposal that mines shall not be closed down more than six days without permission of the Commission, on the ground that this would make the working of the mines dependent on the will of the Commission instead of on the conditions of business; but is not this rather a theoretical than a practical objection, when the Commission is to be composed of one representative of the operators, one of the miners, and a third impartial person? In like manner, the objection that the assessing of penalties by the Commission must be inequitable, because unenforceable upon the workmen while enforceable upon the companies, seems to us not to allow for the resources of common-sense and a just purpose on the part of the Commission. And the objection to the payment of half the expenses of the Commission by the miners seems to us hardly of sufficient importance to be put forward as a difficulty.

What we find regrettable in the letters of the operators, however, is not so much the substance of them as the failure to indicate such hearty and sincere desire to bring about a settlement as would comport with a realization of the serious nature of the situation. With their unwillingness to sacrifice the rights of non-union miners we are in the most hearty sympathy; all the more, therefore, do we regret the stressing of objections of a less vital nature. Nothing is plainer than that, if a settlement is to be reached, both sides must concede something. We believe that President Wilson is quite open to conviction, and ready to make any modification of the original proposal for which sufficient reason can be assigned; and we should feel it to be particularly fortunate if the operators shall succeed in impressing upon him the necessity of making any change which is necessary in the interest of the upholding of the rights of workmen who refuse to submit to trade-union despotism. And for that very reason we hope that the operators will show the most reasonable and the most liberal possible spirit, consistent with the maintenance of those rights. The manifestation of an obstinate disposition—any conduct which shall have even the appearance of indifference to the public sentiment so strongly desirous of bringing the long struggle to a close—would not only be deplorable from the standpoint of the public, but would prove in the end even more so from the standpoint of the operators themselves.

ATLANTIC COASTAL WATERWAYS.

In his welcome to the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Convention, Mayor Mitchel, of New York, protested against the "unwise economy" of certain cuts in the Rivers and Harbors bill. For seven years the Association has labored for the improvement of inland navigation routes, its special purpose being to obtain a continuous inner way for ships along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from Galveston to Boston. The undertaking is as huge as it is generally worthy. By rea-

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son of the expense involved, it must wait many years for realization; its accomplishment depends on steady progress, which is now interrupted. Against a drastic economy the Association cannot protest, nor against the almost sweeping condemnation of the original bill because of the abuses in some of its parts. There was little time for discrimination, and good provisions had to suffer with bad. The Mayor objected to the dropping of the items for a 35-foot channel in the East River, and for removing the dangerous reefs which prevent full access to the Brooklyn, Queens, and East Manhattan waterfronts. The Association will feel more keenly the postponement of Government acquisition of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal for conversion into a ship canal. For the time being, the members must put their main hope in the future.

Yet what has been done in the last few years in obtaining Government support and enlisting public interest in a safe and standard inland waterway from Maine to Florida, connecting with the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, is highly encouraging. Last year found the Association in possession of reports by United States army engineers upon every section of the enterprise. Some were condemned, but the principal ones were supported on both commercial and humanitarian grounds. Gen. Bixby endorsed the Chesapeake and Delaware link as worthy of immediate improvement to a depth of twelve feet, at a cost of $8,000,000, in addition to the purchase price of $2,500,000. This direct connection of Philadelphia with Baltimore and Annapolis would open an old route —a relic of 1829, so limited in width and depth as to be almost unused by modern vessels, and owned by a corporation whose tolls approximate the charges by rail—to a traffic almost comparable with that of the Panama Canal. With the construction of another link from the Delaware to the Raritan and New York Bay, approved by the army engineers and by Woodrow Wilson when Governor of New Jersey, New York would have a channel to Newport News by a route far shorter and less dangerous than formerly, and serving in a new way Philadelphia, Wilmington, and a score of other cities south to Norfolk. This Delaware-Raritan Canal would cost $20,000,000. Finally, the army engineers approved a seven-foot passage from Beaufort, N. C., to the St. John's River, inside Cape Lookout, Cape Fear, and the dangerous shoals beyond, at an estimated cost of $14,400,000. Not only coastal cities, but people along rivers like the Connecticut, Hudson, Potomac, James, and Savannah, should understand the potential benefits of these waterways.

The amount of traffic predicted for them is not a more forcible argument than the loss of life resulting from the passage of barges and other coastal vessels upon the high seas. In ten years (1900-1910) the disasters to such ships are stated to have numbered 5,700, with a loss of 2,200 lives and of $40,000,000 in property. The urgency and the assured profit of some of the proposals are seen in the attention paid to them by non-Federal agencies. With every reason why the Government should build the Cape Cod Canal, it has been constructed by a private company under two State boards. It will yearly handle 12,000,000 tons of coal alone, and is expected to develop a huge barge traffic. The State has laid plans to build still another link in the intracoastal route, that from Narrangansett Bay to Taunton, and possibly to Boston Harbor. New Jersey is considering a similar work. While such enterprise is to be encouraged, the field is properly the national Government's, which has already spent $700,000,000 upon our rivers and harbors. And the two considerations of the extent of Atlantic coastal commerce —more than three-fourths of the whole country's—and its dangerousness, lend support to the contention that Congressional appropriations have discriminated against the Eastern littoral. Congressman Hampton Moore states that Maryland and New Jersey have together received but $17,000,000, while the comparatively new States of Oregon and Washington, with far less commerce, have had $33,000,000.

The Atlantic Association and the bodies working for a solution of the Mississippi flood problem have aims so practical and worthy that they should be active in opposing projects of another sort—those which have for years viciously drained the Treasury. Theirs are not the only sound projects, but they are the most powerful of the internal improvement organizations. One of their aims should be to repress the unworthy schemes which cling to the commendable ones—schemes for improving little rivers of the East and Middle West. Another should be to have instituted a responsible and permanent agency for carrying on rivers and harbors work in a scientific manner. Temporarily, it has been entrusted to the army engineers. If it were given over to some adequate commission, as has been frequently proposed, there would never again be any necessity to cut the appropriations to an absolute minimum to prevent unjustifiable waste.

Chronicle of the War

A fresh enemy, more deadly probably than bullets or shrapnel or even than the Krupp siege guns of which we have heard so much, has appeared to menace all the armies of Europe impartially. Disease is the inevitable concomitant of every war. In the Boer War, it is said that 55,000 British troops were attacked by enteric or dysentery, and in our own Spanish War the figures of those who were disabled by disease have been put as high as 60,000. In the present war the appearance of disease has been postponed longer than could reasonably have been expected. Three weeks from the beginning of a campaign is the usual time allowed for this enemy of armies in the field to make itself felt, and the fact that it has not assumed serious proportions until recently is a high tribute to the efficient organization of the sanitary, medical, and commissariat arrangements of the various armies.

Of the Germans this was expected, for meticulous attention to the minutest details of campaigning is their particular province—and in spite of this it is to be remembered that when Metz surrendered in 1870 half of the besiegers were on the sick list—but the British have obviously taken to heart the lessons of the Boer War in this as in so many other respects, for we hear on all sides of the remarkable efficiency of their commissariat and sanitary corps, and the French and Russians cannot be far behind them. The most serious outbreak of disease is reported to be among the Austrian troops, where it is said that Asiatic cholera has appeared, and for the defeated forces of the Dual Monarchy this may well prove a subtle form of revenge, since the Russian troops, going over the ground vacated by the enemy and taking prisoners, will find it difficult to escape infection. In the west dysentery and enteric are the two enemies, but other infectious diseases, such as measles, may appear, as smallpox, the danger of which is now happily minimized by vaccination, did in the Franco-Prussian War.

More than ever, then, we see that war is a matter of endurance. The fittest will survive, and calculating that the average of resistance to disease will be pretty much the same in the armies of all the combatants, the problem still resolves itself, as we pointed out last week, into a matter of battalions, in which the ultimate superiority must rest with the Allies. Meanwhile, we learn that feverish efforts have been put forth to provide against the spread of disease. Large quantities of quick lime—grewsome intelligence—have been sent to the front for use on battlefields, and extraordinary precautions are being taken to insure that the drinking water is not got from contaminated sources. This latter precaution will be difficult to enforce, as the rivers in northern France must by now have been thoroughly contaminated, and in addition, as experience in the Boer War showed, it is next to impossible to induce a dry-throated Tommy Atkins to refrain from slaking his thirst wherever opportunity offers.

The battle of the Aisne, now approaching the end of its third week, may be likened to a wrestling match, in which two combatants, well matched in strength and skill,

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stand poised on the mat for seconds at a time, apparently at rest, only the taut muscles indicating the terrific strain under which each is laboring. The relative positions of the two armies differ but little from what they were when we wrote last week, yet the fighting that has taken place since September 12, when the retreating Germans turned at the Aisne and a general engagement commenced, has been more severe than any other thus far.

The fighting during the past week has resolved itself into a race between the left flanks of the opposing armies, the French and British pressing their efforts to turn the German right wing and envelop the army of Gen. von Kluck, and the Germans on their own centre and left making desperate attempts to penetrate the line between Verdun and Toul. The success of either of these movements would give temporary victory to the army that accomplished it, and the result of the battle of the Aisne, unless there should occur a total and unexpected change in the whole situation, will be determined by whichever movement is first completed.

Should the Germans succeed in breaking through the Verdun-Toul line of fortifications, they would accomplish a twofold object. First, Verdun would be isolated and could be reduced at leisure, as was Maubeuge, and heavy reinforcements would have to be rushed to the support of the French line on the Meuse, thereby lessening the pressure on the German right wing and frustrating the turning movement to which the Allies have devoted more than two weeks of constant effort and have sacrificed an enormous number of troops. Secondly, a new and shorter line of communications would be opened to the German armies by way of the eastern frontier; the lines through Belgium could be abandoned, and the troops, probably not less than 300,000, that have been guarding them, would be released for the more immediate business in France. These considerations account for the desperate and persistent nature of the attacks on this barrier. The army of the Crown Prince narrowly escaped disaster there at the battle of the Marne, and only extricated itself by a hurried retreat from Ste. Menehould to Montfaucon. In this second attempt the Germans have had a certain amount of success, the Bavarians having succeeded in occupying St. Mihiel, on the east bank of the Meuse, and thus cutting the railway along the river to Verdun. French reinforcements, however, were rushed up, and the German advance has been checked.

On the other hand, should the turning movement of the Allies succeed, the whole of the German campaign in France would break down. Only a hasty retreat could save the army of Gen. von Kluck, and with it that of Gen. von Bülow, from annihilation or surrender. With these armies it would be necessary for the entire line to fall back. The essential features of the battle of the Marne would be repeated, and the German invaders would be compelled to retire on the line of the Belgian frontier, which, according to reports, has already been fortified in anticipation of this emergency. The pressure on Verdun would naturally be automatically relieved.

The net result of the week's fighting has been small. The official announcement from Paris on Tuesday gives a clear idea of the line occupied by the Allies and also indicates that some ground that had been gained a week previously has since been lost. Lassigny, which, as we recorded last week, was occupied by the Allies, has now been reoccupied by the Germans, and the Allies must have been driven back a short distance on their extreme left, as we read that their line now, instead of starting in the neighborhood of Péronne, starts some ten miles to the northeast, between Albert and Combles. In the desperate fighting, then, which was reported on Friday of last week as having taken place between Tergnier and St. Quentin, when we heard that the Germans had been heavily reinforced, we may assume that the Allies were forced back a short distance. On the other hand, near the centre, between Verdun and Rheims, the progress which was reported on Friday must have been continued, for we read that the French line runs to the north of Souain, where German troops were reported to be early last week. The whole line, as given in the French official dispatch on Tuesday, runs from west to east: Albert and Combles, Roye, Lassigny, the region of Soissons, Berry-au-Bac, north of Souain, through the heights of the Meuse, the region of St. Mihiel, Apremont, Pont-a-Mousson.

In the eastern campaign the Russian armies have made considerable progress. The easy capture of Jaroslav, which we recorded last week, would seem to indicate some demoralization among the Austrian forces. It is a strong fortress, fully equipped, standing astride the River San, with three forts in a four-mile line on the right bank and sixteen forts in a five-mile line on the left bank. Following the occupation of this place, the efforts of the Russians were directed to the capture of Khyroff, twenty miles south of Przemysl, which is the key to the railway communication with the fortress. Khyroff was reported taken on Saturday, and Przemysl is doubtless now isolated. The line due east from Jaroslav to Cracow, on which the Austrians are retreating, and which has been put in a state of defence, is some 120 miles. On the way are the fortified places of Rzeszow and Tarnow. At both places we may expect stands to be made, although the former has already been repeatedly taken by dispatches from Petrograd, and Russian forces have been reported at Debica, which is betwen the two and nearer to Tarnow. These forces, however, are probably only skirmishing Cossacks. Russian troops are also reported to have crossed the Carpathians and to be in occupation of Uzsok.

In East Prussia and Poland the situation appears to have changed in favor of the Russians. Accounts have been, as usual, conflicting, and even the Russian reports have been contradictory, as when a victory over the German forces in Suwalki was announced immediately after the statement had been made that they had evacuated South Poland. Apparently, however, the German advance on Warsaw, which in any case was probably only a feint to relieve the pressure on their Austrian allies, has been definitely checked. At Drusskeniki, the northernmost point of the German invasion, the attempt to cross the Niemen was repulsed with heavy loss, and near Kalisch, the most southerly point, the Germans also appear to have suffered heavy loss. As we write, the battle along this line is still in progress, the Germans bombarding the fortress of Ossowiecz, which they are reported to have failed to take in an attack by infantry.

Foreign Correspondence

A CRITICAL MOMENT—THE COST OF THE WAR—TERMS OF PEACE—A REMARKABLE FORECAST.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, September 19.

When Arnold Forster, in succession First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary of State for War in Mr. Balfour's Administration, lay a-dying he penned for the edification of his former chief a lengthy memorandum on the army policy of his successor at the War Office. It was dated March 12, 1909, at which time Mr. Haldane, under a storm of party and professional criticism, was doggedly elaborating his great scheme of army reform. Writing of the reserve force in process of building up, **Mr. Forster said:**

The greater number are boys notoriously unfit for the army or who, being under standard, remain in the reserve until they have added on the necessary inches. Such is the real composition of this force. But no figures and no words that I can use will give you a conception what the force as I have seen it really is. The idea of pitting these children against the trained troops of a European army is as foolish as it is wicked.

Remembering that this unsparing critic was the representative of a Government which after nineteen years' (with brief interval) enjoyment of office was responsible for the dangerous plight in which the British army found itself when it landed in South Africa, there is a grim unconscious humor about the passage. That by the way. What brings pride to the heart of all Englishmen is the reflection that these "children," having in accordance with Mr. Haldane's scheme benefited by five years' training, finding themselves pitted against the trained troops of the most formidable European army, acquitted themselves in a manner that has extorted the admiration alike of friend and foe.

Since war began there has been no more desperate fighting than that faced by the little British army at the opening of the German attack which necessitated a memorable retreat by the Allies. When Gen. French took up his position at Mons he held the assurance from French headquarters that he was confronted by little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps. These were considerable odds. He was prepared to face them. Soon he learned that at least three German corps were moving on his position. Simultaneously came news that the French army on his right, upon whose assistance in the pending battle he had been taught to count, was retiring under pressure of the enemy's fierce sustained attack.

Thus overwhelmed and unsupported, the end seemed inevitable. It is easy to read between the lines of Gen. French's historic dispatch that he scarcely dared to hope. "If," he wrote, "complete annihilation was to be averted, a retirement must be attempted." It was not only attempted, but in face of what looked insuperable difficulties was accomplished, and a few days later the "children" of Arnold Forster's fevered fancy were driving the Germans back to their own frontier. In the glowing record of the British army the battle of Mons will ever hold a prominent place. But, as Wellington when talking about Waterloo confessed to the inquisitive Mr. Creevey, "It was a damned near thing."

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The Revenue and Expenditure Return just issued from the Treasury shows that the war is costing this country five millions a week. Of course, our expenditure is a trifle compared with that of France and Russia, whose armies in the field are counted by the million men. Nor does it equal that of Belgium, which, in addition to weekly expenses drawing upon revenue, has suffered immense loss of capital in the way of ravaged town and country. Putting the amount at the extreme minimum average of five millions a week expended by England, France, Russia, and Belgium, here is a little bill of eighty millions a lunar month steadily running up to be in due time liquidated by Germany. Of course, such responsibility is incurred by the vanquished. Germany herself asserted the principle when as the price of her withdrawal from Paris in the war of 1870 she imposed upon France a money fine calculated to bring financial ruin on the top of subjection by force of arms. We have seen the principle reaffirmed and enforced within the last few weeks, when the invaders, counting confidently on a conquering march to Paris, drew heavy tributes from conquered Brussels and shattered Liège.

Germany will have to pay something more precious even than money as the cost of unresistingly bending its neck to the yoke of the military caste. Six years ago this very month, there was published an interview which the writer, a Frenchman, had had with one whom he described as "a high German personage." Looked back upon at this interval of time the article testifies to the remarkable perspicacity of the anonymous "personage." He stated that the General Staff calculated that five years must elapse before by diligent preparation Germany would be in a position to beat France on land, and England on the sea. As things turned out, they, by way of making quite sure, added another year before embarking on the enterprise. Among other particulars that with curious exactness forecasted events of the last seven weeks, the "personage" reckoned upon a blockade of the North Sea by the British fleet, invasion of East Germany by Russia, and the landing in France of an expeditionary British force of 120,000 men. He even named Sir John French as the general commanding.

Like the Kaiser on setting out from Berlin, he did not doubt that a smashing blow would be dealt to France in time for the German army to concentrate their forces in East Prussia and drive back the Russians. But, a businesslike man, he recognized the possibility of things miscarrying. It is here where in existing circumstances he becomes exceptionally interesting. He admitted that if the war lasted more than six months Germany would be ruined, and be forced to submit to the terms of the Allied forces. These, he reckoned, involved the restoration to France of Metz and Lorraine, with a war indemnity of a hundred millions and two German colonies; a war indemnity of 150 millions to Russia, a levy in whose provision Austria would share, and the surrender to England of German East Africa and Southwest Africa, half a dozen battleships, and a dozen cruisers. These seem generous terms from the German point of view.

Like the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, Lord Rosebery has two sons enlisted for the war. Lord Dalmeny, as newspaper paragraphs report, is at the front on the staff of Gen. French, and has more than once had bestowed upon him the distinction of bringing home dispatches from the front. Mr. Neil Primrose, M.P., has since the reserve forces were mobilized been encamped with the Bucks Yeomanry. Under yesterday's date he writes to me, "We are daily expecting command to start for the front." Among other Ministers and ex-Ministers who have gone on active service is the Marquis of Salisbury, who has for more than a month been serving with a regiment of Territorials to whom has been entrusted the important service of fortifying a certain port on the east coast, which is recognized as offering an attractive landing for a possible invading force. Time was when observation was made that "motley is our only wear." To-day it is khaki. The other day the Bishop of London, to the pained amazement of that pacific soul, the Bishop of Llandaff, looked down from the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons clad in the uniform of the London Rifles, with whom he has for some weeks been in camp.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ITALY—THE SOCIALIST ATTITUDE—THE BOGEY OF PAN-SLAVISM.

FLORENCE, September 8.

Two things appear generally agreed on here, and seem largely borne out by reports of persons coming from France as well as by published official documents: that France had no desire for war to the extent that the country at large had abandoned its desire for *revanche;* and that Germany did not foresee England's offensive. The first is given as part explanation of France's defensive weakness, and the latter as conclusive evidence that the war will be long and bitter.

The one uncertain element, affecting even the duration of the conflict, is France's ability —military and moral—to hold out. The opinion seems general that if the republic can steady her national nerves even at the loss of Paris, and hold the country and the army substantially together for three months or even less, the chances of Teutonic success are meagre. But as to France's power to resist so long against adverses, opinions are greatly divided. The dark uncertainty lies in the possibility of France being swiftly and hopelessly crushed despite her concentration of resources and the transfer, now accomplished, of her capital. Could England, in such an event, effectively help her, or could she rely on Russia? If further German penetration is as swift and irresistible as it has been, it does not seem as if even England's maritime supremacy could save France from being compelled to sue for peace at almost any price. And if such an event were to happen, is there anything to prevent Germany, as some ask, from making terms with Russia?

There are those who see in the tardiness of the Czar's army to concentrate its supreme effort on the campaign in Eastern Prussia a failure to strike where she could be of most service to France. It is maintained against this that Russia had to strike hardest where lay the most formidable danger for her—against Austria—and her success in Galicia, bought at heavy cost, would seem to be proof of her sincerity.

But it is to England, or rather to English grit and tenacity, that public opinion here looks for final success against the common enemy. It is an inspiring example of how much a nation's historical past and reputation count in the most critical of times, in the judgment of men who may have to decide the fate of their own country in the general alignment of the nations for or against Germany. England's great past in the fight for civil liberty is to-day the unvoiced but clearly felt assurance that she is fighting, irrespective of the great material benefits that may accrue to her, for the freedom of Europe from military tyranny.

As to the pan-Slavic danger as a justification for Germany's aggressions, Italians, despite the arguments adduced by Professor Münsterberg in America and other apologists here, have never given much weight to it. At all events the force of the German arguments on this score has been practically shattered by the meeting recently held between some Italian Socialists and a representative of the Socialist party of Germany.

It will be recalled that Continental Socialists are affiliated with, or are "citizens" of, the International Socialist party, an organization pledged to peace and the vigilant opposition to appropriations for military purposes. There is no question that the Socialist members of the Reichstag voted in favor of the German war appropriations, although it is asserted that they declined to attend a meeting of all party leaders called by the Kaiser before the commencement of hostilities. Italian Socialists have maintained that the action of the German Socialist Deputies "read them out" of the International Socialist party, and have, with much force, distinguished such conduct from that of the Belgian and French Socialists, who, in lending their aid to war measures, were defending what have been considered bulwarks of peace, such as the formal agreement of the neutrality of Belgium.

In order to meet the situation, the Socialist party, both in Germany and Austria, offered to send representatives to Italy to justify or explain their conduct. The Italians put two conditions to their coming, first, that minutes of the proposed meeting should be kept, and secondly, that the question of Italy's neutrality should not be discussed. Apparently, the Austrians thought it best to remain at home under the circumstances, but the Germans sent as their spokesmen Dr. Albert Suedekum, Socialist member of the Reichstag from Nuremberg.

At the meeting which took place in Rome Dr. Suedekum relied largely on the arguments made by his Parliamentary colleague, Deputy Haase, at the time the war appropriations were voted. But Herr Haase's speech had already been printed in full in the Italian press and its arguments discounted. The answer of the Italian Socialists was substantially that German hegemony represented to-day and in this conflict a greater danger than czarism and pan-Slavism; that the fact was that "czarism" was fighting side by side with France, the leader and the most advanced of the members of the International Socialist party. "The German flag to-day," said the Italian spokesman, "stands for the *Deutsche über alles*," and this is a negation of International Socialism. "As we see it," he added, "Socialist civilization stands in opposition to war, but is to-day forced to oppose not civilization but regression, such as the forcible violation of Belgian neutrality without a protest from German Socialism." Irrespective of this, however, the "pan-Slavism" of some of the Balkan states need not be taken too se-

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riously. What some of them might do in case they waxed strong at the cost of the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire through Russian successes, might not be at all in the spirit of pan-Slavic unity, but rather of a warlike attitude of independence from Russian control. GINO C. SPERANZA.

THE CONCLAVE—THE ELECTION OF POPE BENEDICT XV AND A REVIEW OF HIS CAREER—THE SPIRIT OF RAMPOLLA.

ROME, September 5.

The extraordinary importance of the Conclave of 1914 must have been perceived even by the most casual observer of modern history. The present war, which, whatever its outcome, is big with consequences and changes for all the states of Europe whether belligerent or not, and of which the repercussions will be felt, in some cases violently, all over the world, touches the nearest and most vital interests of the Roman Papacy.

The conditions in which Conclaves are held, so far as procedure is concerned—I mean the shutting of the Cardinals in a certain precinct of the Vatican, methods of balloting, and so forth—are so well known that it is useless to enter into them here. A common notion, however, that their Eminences are quite shut off from the outside world, is erroneous. They may receive letters and telegrams, which are first opened and read by the Marshal of the Conclave, and may even have visitors in the presence of the same officer. It only remains to add in this connection that the Constitution of Pius X, *De Electione Romani Pontificis*, which bears the date of December 25, 1904, made little difference in the procedure of election except the denial of all right of veto on the part of whatsoever person or power extraneous to the Conclave. In fact, the Bull *Commissum Nobis* of January 20, 1904, had already inflicted the major excommunication on any person in a Conclave who should merely report a desire or recommendation of outside parties, whether sovereigns, chiefs of state, or private individuals.

It has been one of the consequences of the reactionary policy of Pius X that there were in the Sacred College, before the late election, two opposite parties with a clearly defined issue, and with the inevitable compromise, or "moderate," party in between. One party, captained by the retiring Secretary of State, Merry del Val, and by Cardinal De Lai, represented the extreme reactionary tendency that prevailed in the reign of the late Pope. Other electors on this side were Sévin, Archbishop of Lyons; Dubillard, Archbishop of Chambéry; Billot, a French Jesuit living in Rome, and Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, who, however, did not arrive in time for the Conclave. The liberal party, whose candidate was Cardinal Maffi, the learned and enlightened Archbishop of Pisa, renowned among churchmen for his skill in the natural sciences, owned as its most vigorous exponent in the Conclave Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and counted among its members Cardinals Agliardi and Cassetta, of the Curia; Della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna; Amette, Archbishop of Paris, and Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. The most prominent members of the central, or moderate, party were Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda; Serafini, Bishop of Spoleto, and the two resident Cardinals Ferrata and Pompili. Since of these Gotti on account of his great age, Serafini from being member of a religious order, the Benedictine, and Pompili by reason of his comparative youth and inexperience, were made less eligible, Ferrata, a man of wide diplomatic experience and mature judgment, was regarded as the most probable candidate of this group.

Side by side with this partition on ecclesiastical questions, and sometimes crossing it, was the division on political lines, now strongly accentuated by the European war. In the Conclave of 1903, also, when politics were much less fiercely agitated than now, there was the Franco-Spanish group, led by Cardinals Mathieu and Vives y Tuto, and the Austro-German faction, directed by Cardinals Kopp and Puzyna, the latter being the bearer of the Austrian Emperor's veto against Rampolla, who was the hostile party's candidate. Rampolla's defeat, however, was not solely due to this veto, as is commonly supposed, but also to personal and political opposition which he had aroused among his Italian colleagues, and which made his election doubtful in any case.

But this time the Conclave, liberated from all interference, has at least partially vindicated the partisans and policies of Rampolla, although the four intransigent French prelates already mentioned probably voted against the successful candidate, and to this extent against the national cause. For Cardinal Della Chiesa, the newly elected Pope, served a complete apprenticeship under Leo XIII's famous Secretary. He was born in Genoa in 1854, of a noble and distinguished Genoese family. Shortly after his reception to the priesthood in 1878, he was admitted to the office of Mgr. Mariano Rampolla del Tindaro, then Secretary for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. When Rampolla was made Papal Nuncio at Madrid, he took Della Chiesa with him as secretary to the Nunziatura. And finally, when, in 1887, Rampolla was elevated to the purple and appointed Secretary of State by Leo XIII, Della Chiesa was likewise recalled from Madrid and placed in this Secretariat, first in a subordinate position, from which he was steadily promoted through various grades to the post of Sostituto, or Assistant Secretary.

This important position he kept for four years after the accession of Pius X, until upon the death of Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, he was appointed to that see in December, 1907. There is no question that this appointment was made to remove Mgr. Della Chiesa from Rome and from an office where the presence of a disciple and friend of Cardinal Rampolla was displeasing to Merry del Val and his obscurantist entourage. The cardinalate regularly goes along with the archdiocese of Bologna, but Archbishop Della Chiesa, still on account of his loyalty to his friend and master, was not received to the Sacred College until last May, in the first Consistory that was held after Rampolla's death in December, 1913. So long as Rampolla lived, he was inevitably a candidate for the Papacy, and if Della Chiesa were Cardinal, could count upon his active support. No fears were entertained that the reserved and aristocratic Genoese might himself be a dangerous competitor, and indeed no other case is recorded of a Pope elected four months after being made Cardinal. It is true that a few persons who happened to predict his election are now triumphantly crying "I told you so." But, as every one knows, there are few Italian Cardinals that some "well-informed" speculator on the outcome of a Conclave does not enumerate among his favorite candidates. The fact is that Della Chiesa's election was a surprise to all. If the choice should not light upon Maffi, who was known to be strongly opposed, it was generally considered that the chances favored Ferrata, who seems indeed to have had a strong following. But that the haughty and indomitable spirit of Rampolla should thus, as it were, triumph from the grave, was quite unlooked for.

Of course, but little will be known in detail of what happened in the Conclave until Pope Benedict XV allows the seal of silence to be broken. It seems, however, that Maffi had a decided lead over all competitors in the first few ballots, until it was certain that the opposition to him was too strong to be overcome. Thereupon his followers—always according to the uncertain information now available—concentrated their efforts upon Mgr. Della Chiesa, also a member of the Left, though not of its extreme section. The opposition, on the other hand, almost as violent against the new candidate as against Maffi, united their forces in favor of Serafini, a member of the Centre. But it would seem that Ferrata, himself a strong moderate candidate, threw his support decisively to the side of the Archbishop of Bologna, a report that derives some confirmation from his choice as Secretary of State. How much international politics had to do with the result it is impossible to say now. But the French, Spanish, and English Cardinals must have rejoiced in the selection of a Pope who, though he will undoubtedly be cautious in every policy he initiates or continues, may be expected in some measure to follow the Francophile tradition of Rampolla. In fact, the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See is a consummation soon and almost certainly to be looked for, and will afford a criterion by which to estimate the abilities and tendencies of Benedict XV.

In the meantime, it is perhaps not in vain to speculate on what may reasonably be expected from a continuance, after an interruption of eleven years, of Rampolla's work by the mind and character he had so large a part in forming. Rampolla, though this was far from being the most important element in his political programme, is perhaps best known to the world as the uncompromising assertor of the Pope's right to the temporal power. But it is to be noted, in the first place, that the temporal principle is, in present conditions, almost a necessity of international politics; and in the second place, that, according to the few that were admitted to his intimacy in the last years of his life, Rampolla's opinions were considerably modified in consequence of the attitude of detachment he could assume after his retirement from the Secretariat of State. However this may be, it is certain that he was far from being a bigot in matters of pure religion, and that he disapproved of obscurantist anti-modernism. Therefore no slavish imitation of Rampolla's policies, some of which he himself would probably not follow now, or would materially modify, need be expected of Pope Benedict. Though he will certainly not renounce the Papal claim to the temporal power, it is hoped and believed that he will not pursue an anti-Italian policy. And although no one has ever cast a doubt upon his orthodoxy, he seems at least to be too fine and experienced a diplomatist to promote heedless and bigoted persecution. H. E.

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Changed Temper of England

By L. P. JACKS.

THE CONTRAST OF ENGLAND'S ATTITUDE NOW WITH THAT REVEALED DURING THE BOER WAR.

OXFORD, September 15.

"The next world, whatever it may be like, can hardly be more different from this than the England of to-day is different from the England of two months ago. We are all living in another state of existence. The thread of continuity has been broken and nothing is the same as it was. The very buildings yonder—Magdalen Tower, for instance—are changed; for now I think of it as *menaced* by German shells and it wears quite a different look in consequence. And most wonderful of all is the way the past seems to live again. Alfred the Great and Edward III and Drake and Nelson and Pitt have all come to life again. I can almost fancy that the Barons who shook their fists in the face of King John at Runnymede are walking about among the people in the street."

This was said in conversation the other day by a well-known Oxford humanist, and allowing for the touch of exaggeration it may serve to indicate the extraordinary change which has come over the mind and temper of Englishmen during the last few weeks. No further back than last July the national life was in a state of extreme confusion. We were quarrelling among ourselves—aimlessly for the most part. We were breathing an atmosphere of mutual distrust and suspicion. To-day we are a united people with our loins girt up for a great enterprise. We have a difficulty in recognizing our world, or ourselves as the same persons who used to live in it. It is one proof of an incredible want of imagination in the philosophic chauvinists who have driven Germany into this conflict that they never foresaw the change which the shock of war would produce in England. They noted our unwarlike apathy; they knew that we hated war and longed for an assurance of peace; they saw us engaged in our national shopkeeping and our sports and apparently caring for nothing else; they were fully informed about our internal quarrels and rightly concluded that we were all at sixes and sevens; they had been told, and rightly told, by the experts of their Intelligence Department that the whole of our financial and business classes dreaded a quarrel with Germany, and that the Liberal party and the Government were entirely pacific. The unrest among the natives of India, the enormous difficulties of our administration in all parts of the world, the growing independence of our colonies—all this they had at their finger-ends. The picture of England given by Treitschke, the arch priest of German chauvinism, who hated and despised the English, is not altogether false. As a picture of the nation in times when no danger threatens the State, it does little more than slightly exaggerate the aimless, petty, sordid, unpatriotic elements of English life in its daily humdrum selfishness.

But what these wiseacres did not foresee was that under the shock of war all this would vanish as if by magic. They thought that, as we were divided in peace, we should be divided in war; that our pacificism would hamper our preparations and weaken our fighting arm; that we should go on thinking of nothing but our shops and our skins; that our middle class would never suffer any interference with their five o'clock teas; that Ireland would stab us in the back—as she has so often seemed ready to do; that India would seize the opportunity to revolt; that the ties with the colonies would snap under the strain. An intelligent child might have exposed these illusions. It required the "rigor and vigor" of the German intellect to overlook the certainty that, as Mr. Price Collier long ago warned them, England at war would not be the same country as England at peace. And so indeed it has turned out. Within a week of the declaration of war every labor dispute in the country was settled. Paid agitators rushed to the colors. Militant suffragism sank like a stone in the waters. The Ulster Volunteers, raised for civil war, offered their services to the Government. The Irish Catholics are enlisting in the King's forces. India, instead of revolting, sends us 70,000 of her finest troops: and seven hundred native princes spontaneously offer their wealth, their soldiers, and their persons. As to Canada and Australia, I need not describe what they have done. The poorest of the West Indies gives a cargo of sugar for the troops; and from the desolate Falkland Islands comes £3,000 for the relief of distress.

When war was declared there was no panic; but there was some bewilderment. The Government probably knew what was coming, but John Bull, who must never be confused with the Government, had been waked too suddenly from his afternoon nap and couldn't quite take it in. Of course, everybody was talking about the war and trying to get from his neighbor some light on the meaning of it all. Silly people rushed to the grocers' shops and laid in stores of provisions, and I heard of one old gentleman who ordered a new lock for his front door. But business and sport seemed to go on much the same as usual, and the outward aspect of things was not greatly changed. On August 10 I walked three miles to get an evening paper, and on turning to the column of "stop-press news" I found it filled with the reports of cricket matches! Plainly, John Bull was not going to be hurried; he would finish his game of bowls even though the Armada was in sight. There was something alarming in this "fat-headed complacency," and people who felt the gravity of the situation wondered and publicly asked how long it was going to last. It did not last very long. I think it was the news of the massacre and sack of Louvain that brought us to the first great turning point. Instantly a wave of wrath such as I have never seen in England swept over the land. For the first time we clearly saw what we were fighting with and what we were fighting for. Only one thing more was needed to turn us from a nation of shopkeepers into a nation in arms. It has been said by one who has studied the military history of England that the fighting spirit of the nation is roused more by disasters than by victories. In this case there has been no disaster so far, but it was avoided only by a hair's breadth. The story of the four days' battle of Mons—a desperate rear-guard action fought against odds of three to one—in which the army lost one-fifth of its men and was only saved from annihilation by superb generalship, was precisely the kind of news to put John Bull on his mettle.

Since then there has been no more talk about "fat-headed complacency." There have been no more complaints about the slackness of recruiting. On the very morning when the official report of the battle was published the workers in a large brewery not far from where I am writing laid down their tools and walked in a body to the recruiting office; and to-day I see them in a neighboring field learning their steps—big, heavy-faced, beer-fed, awkward-jointed Britons. "A clumsy lot, sir," said a bystander who was watching them. "Not one of them could jump over a straw. But mark my words; when those chaps have been licked into shape it'll take a lot of Germans to shift 'em." It is the same all over England. Birmingham, the most "shopkeeping" of our cities, has sent 30,000 recruits in a fortnight and has raised a local corps in addition. When the universities assemble next month half the undergraduates will have gone to the front, and of those who remain most will be under military training: many of us will have empty classrooms. We write long letters to our boys on their ranches in the Argentine or their farms in Canada telling them all about the war, and *next morning* we get a telegram from Liverpool, "I am come home: have a bed ready for me to-night." Last week I met three sons of the present Prime Minister; all three were in khaki. This morning the mail is delivered late by a young gentleman from a neighboring country house. "The village postman has enlisted: and I'm going in a few days."

I imagine there must be many of your readers whose memories will supply a parallel to much of this from the time of your Civil War. I wonder if the crisis brought that consciousness of a sudden leap from one world into another which people in England are now remarking. In many respects the conditions must be the same. The sense of solidarity under the stress of common danger and the call of common duty, the sense in which so much that is finest in a nation's life has its origin, must then have been present with you as it is with us. You will readily understand the mood of exaltation, the emotional stirring, the feeling of the greatness of life that comes to every citizen in times like these. "These are

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wonderful times: after all, I am glad I have lived to see them," is a remark I have heard from a dozen different people, both men and women, during the last few days. But I think that with you the preparation for what was coming was longer and more gradual. Moreover, your temperament is less stolid than ours and much quicker to respond to changed conditions. You require less shaking to wake you up. With us there was a thick crust to be broken through and deep-seated mental habits to be abandoned before we could realize what had happened to us. And when the realization did come it came like a thunderbolt. The two shocks I have mentioned, following in quick succession—the shock of horror from Louvain, the shock of peril from Mons—brought us to our senses.

As to the righteousness of our cause, thinking men are content to await the verdict of history. Naturally, we believe in it, and that with a fervor and unanimity which are both surprising and impressive. But no Englishman writing on the subject now can escape the disabilities of a special pleader. It is, however, very remarkable that many pacificists who were recently denouncing war with Germany as "a crime against civilization" now admit that our participation in the conflict is both just and inevitable. The fact is that their eyes have been opened. Nor is their case peculiar in that respect. Until the other day the educated classes of England knew little or nothing of the propaganda which has been going on in Germany with ever-increasing vigor for the last twenty years. If by chance they heard of it they treated the matter with contempt as the mere vaporings of jingoism. Not one in a thousand had ever heard of Treitschke or Bernhardi. It is only *since* the war that Bernhardi's work, "Germany and the Next War" (published in 1911), has been made accessible. That the book is no freak of an irresponsible individual, but a serious statement of public policy, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the German conduct of the present war, in its initiation, method, and strategy, has exactly followed the programme of Bernhardi, though happily it has not so far fulfilled his predictions. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been an act of folly on the part of any German writer to "give away" the plan. But I suppose Bernhardi anticipated that the English would not be sufficiently wide-awake to pay much attention to the matter. If so, he was right. None the less, the book has served one purpose the writer did not anticipate. Now that we have it in our hands we see clearly enough that we are fighting against a *diabolism* that threatens the whole of civilization; the nation has become *one* in that conviction, and we are calmly waiting for history to confirm the verdict. At the same time we know very well that diabolism of this kind—or indeed of any kind—does not represent the true spirit of Germany. Germany may have temporarily fallen under its spell, but the obsession is too immoral in its inner nature to be anything more than a passing phase of the national mind. When its power is broken, the nation in which it originated will be the chief gainer and will condemn it utterly.

We mean to win through. But no sensible man among us is under any delusion as to the magnitude of the task. We know the high valor of the Germans, the enormous power of their military organization, and the ability with which their plans are laid and carried out. But we have our own sources of strength, and they are of a kind that give us more confidence the more we reflect on them. It is a healthy and a hopeful sign that our public men are not boasting, and that the populace is quiet. The tone of the press is measured; and in recording the doings of our forces at the front under-statement rather than exaggeration is the rule. There are none of the odious outbursts of public feeling that marked some of the phases of the Boer War—signs that the nation was *not* wholly convinced of the righteousness of its cause. There is, of course, as there must be in every war, an element of hatred at work; but it is directed almost exclusively against the system of Prussian militarism, and not against the German people. During the Boer War I was one of those who did not feel happy about England. But now it is altogether different. I have a deep conviction that we shall emerge from the crisis with something to the credit of our character as a nation.

Books and Men

EDWIN DROOD AGAIN.

A fatality has pursued the amateur novelists who have written continuations of Dickens's "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Four writers have tried it, and their failures have been complete and rather ignominious. A humorist once confessed, in a newspaper rhyme, that he owned a pen which once had belonged to Thackeray. When he tried to write with it, however, not only did no inspiration come, but the pen sputtered and scratched, and actually refused to form words. It had recognized, he thought, a donkey, trying to imitate its master.

No expert novelist has ever tried to finish "Edwin Drood," in spite of the widespread notion that Wilkie Collins engaged in such an attempt. Scores of solutions have been offered, in the form of essays and articles, and two or three plays (one of them by Comyns Carr) enjoyed brief runs. The volumes bringing the story to an end are four, according to Mr. J. Cuming Walters, author of the interesting book, "The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood." Mr. Walters was the prosecuting attorney in the mock trial held in London last January, when he failed to convict Jasper of murder in the first degree for killing Drood.

The first continuation appeared the very year of Dickens's death—1870. It was by "Orpheus C. Kerr" (Richard H. Newell), and is said to be mainly burlesque and parody. The second and the third are also American productions. I have read, or have tried to read, both of them. Henry Morford's "John Jasper's Secret" was published in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper* and in *The Chimney Corner*, 1871-1872. Morford went to England with his wife, lived in Rochester and London to study the scenes of the novel, and made a conscientious effort to prepare himself for the work. To my mind it is the most readable, or the least unreadable, of the three I have seen. "An offensive fraud," writes Mr. Walters, "was, however, associated with it. No name was originally placed on the title-page, but the insidious announcement was made that the real authors were Charles Dickens's eldest son and Wilkie Collins. The lying rumor has been hard to overtake, and is still occasionally revived in spite of Collins's prompt repudiation, and Messrs. Chapman & Hall's explicit declaration in a letter to the *Times*. . . ."

The book was republished, within about a dozen years, bearing the imprint of a New York publisher, and unblushingly professing on its title-page to be by Charles Dickens "the Younger" and Wilkie Collins. How very respectable the operations of a burglar or a highwayman look in comparison with this kind of cheat! Many persons are convinced that "Edwin Drood" was really completed by Wilkie Collins and by Dickens's son; the book is sometimes so entered in catalogues.

The third continuation was the famous "Spirit Pen" volume. In this country, at any rate, the existence of such a book is known to hundreds who have read neither it nor the genuine novel by Dickens. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete. Part the Second, By the Spirit Pen of Charles Dickens, through a Medium," came from Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1875. It is one of the many painful disclosures that spirit pens are usually not only less gifted than physical ones, but are frequently not even able to write anything approaching commonsense. It must require great physical endurance to wade through the mass of bosh in the "Spirit Pen" continuation of "Edwin Drood."

The fourth, and apparently the last, continuation was by an English woman, Mrs. Richard Newton. She wrote (in 1878) under the pen-name of "Gillan Vase," and called her book "A Great Mystery Solved; being a Sequel to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'" This is now republished, with no important change of title, by McBride, Nast & Co. ($1.50 net). It is edited by Shirley Byron Jerons, who contributes a summary of the original novel. Only the author's pseudonym appears in the book.

Of "Gillan Vase's" original work Mr. Walters writes that it has many merits and also conspicuous defects. In the first place, he says, it is far too long. "What Dickens intended to conclude in six more numbers ought not to have been concluded by another author in three volumes of over three

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hundred pages each, and containing in all forty chapters."

The editor and publishers of the new edition have been of the same mind, for one volume of about three hundred pages, and twenty-three chapters, suffices for them.

A second objection of Mr. Walters is that several new characters are introduced and allotted important parts, "as if Dickens had not a sufficiency of persons already for his purpose." Here again, the new edition agrees with Mr. Walters's comments:

> Gillan Vase's . . . luxuriant imagination led her not only to follow up the destinies of the characters which we owe in their inception to Dickens, but also to create several others. As rather detracting from the value of a sequel in which it seemed desirable that only known Dickensian characters should appear, these new ones have been eliminated.

So declares the editor's note.

In regard to Mr. Walters's third objection—that recorded against the irritating attempt to mimic Dickens's style—nothing can be done, and the new edition presumably appears in much the manner of the first.

It may be patriotism which impels Mr. Walters to find the "Gillan Vase" continuation "the best of a poor series." It may be the same noble motive which makes me prefer Henry Morford's. Or it may simply be that, having read "Gillan Vase's" book last, the irritation of it is fresher in my mind. Her version of the story is that Jasper had failed in his attempt to murder Drood. The latter escapes from the tomb, and hurries to London, where he finally appears, in the deep disguise of blue spectacles, seeking employment from Mr. Grewgious, the one man who knew him best. Grewgious, by the way, has little to do, but wanders in and out of the story with the inconsequential manner of the Lawyer in Jerome K. Jerome's "Stage Land." John Jasper is still hounding Miss Rosa Bud, and at last springs overboard with her in his arms. She is saved, of course, by Edwin Drood—still in blue spectacles. Jasper commits suicide in prison, and the book ends in a series of marriages—possible and impossible. The mysterious Datchery leads throughout the story a career dark and furtive. In the end he has discovered nothing of importance, for all his spying, and he turns out to be nobody in particular. All his disguise was superfluous. Canon Crisparkle marries Helena Landless—perhaps as a reward for being invariably called "Revd. Septimus," or "Revd. Sir."

The book is relieved, here and there, by so complete an absence of any feeling for the ridiculous, that the reader can get more or less innocent amusement out of these passages. An example of this element occurs in Edwin's narrative of his escape from the tomb—how he was led on and on, supported by the Hand of Providence, to London; how his faltering footsteps, still guided by the same all-powerful influence, finally led him to a street and to a house, and how when at last he raised his dim eyes to the window he saw therein the blessed inscription: "Lodgings for a Single Gentleman."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

PATER'S QUOTATIONS.

There are few things more unpleasantly pedantic than the scholar's enthusiasm for checking up and exposing the misquotations and incorrect references in an author, and it is not at all in this spirit that I wish to call attention to a remarkable characteristic that runs through the writings of Walter Pater and that can be related, not uninstructively, to the fundamental elements of his temperament and manner of composition. I mean his use and misuse of citations from various authors. I do not refer to passages that are confessedly centos of phrases—the discourse of Marcus Aurelius in the twelfth chapter of "Marius," for example, or the record of conversations between Gaston de Latour and Montaigne, skilfully patched together from the "Essays," or the great essay on Leonardo da Vinci, in which the facts in Vasari's Life have been assimilated and combined into a new and higher synthesis. I mean the separation of passages joined in the original, the junction of passages far distant in the original, unnoted omissions, and, in some cases, mistranslations. This does not imply dishonest or careless work; it is intentional, yet with no thought of deception, being closely related as a literary device to Pater's whole manner of composition. The remarkable thing is that it occurs so persistently that in hardly a single translated passage can one depend upon the accuracy of the translation. In some cases, as in one or two sentences in the essay on Sir Thomas Browne, quotations even from English authors have been slightly altered in being woven into the tissue of Pater's discourse. But it is in translation that this method is most apparent.

Pater was thoroughly familiar with French literature, and it was in the endeavor to verify one of his references thereto that I stumbled upon the phenomenon of which I am writing. From his French quotations it can best be illustrated. Note, first, however, the passage from Heine's "Gods in Exile," quoted at the beginning of the essay on Pico della Mirandola in "The Renaissance." The notion of the pagan gods who, after the fall of their religion, went wandering about the earth, is of frequent occurrence in Pater. Whether he was first attracted to the theme by Heine or by a passage in Gautier's "Musée du Louvre," to which he refers elsewhere, I do not know. The paragraph from Heine is translated with much grace, but an important clause is omitted, with no indication of the omission. (See Heine's "Sämtliche Werke," ed. Elster, VI, 78.) Pater translates (p. 32): "They had to take flight again, and seek entertainment in remote hiding-places, when those iconoclastic zealots, the black brood of monks, broke down all the temples." The first half of the temporal clause is omitted: "Als der wahre Herr der Welt sein Kreuzbanner auf die Himmelsburg pflanze"—a clause out of harmony with the humanistic neo-paganism of the essay.

The opening essay of this same volume, "The Renaissance," contains passages of considerable length from "Amis et Amile" and "Aucasin et Nicolette." The original of the former story may be found in Moland's "Nouvelles françoises en prose du xiiie Siècle." To Pater's first quotation from the story there is no corresponding passage in the French; it is a summary of about two pages, though put in direct quotation in seven lines (p. 10). There follow nearly five pages translated with peculiar sweetness and perfect fidelity save for the unrecorded omission of several clauses of a didactic nature. Thus, to Pater's translation of the angel's reply to Amis, "Thou art the comrade of the heavenly citizens," must be added, "Tu es ensegu Job et Thobie per patience." Again, when Amile, weeping, says, "Shall I not keep faith with him who was faithful to me even unto death?" the original continues, "Abraham fu salvez per foi; et li saint vainquerent les reaumes per foi. Et Dex dit en l'Avangile: 'Ce que vos volez que li home vos facent et vos lor faites cele meismes chose'"—all of which is omitted, for art is not didactic. After the healing of Amis we are told that "cil renderent graces à Notre Seirnor à grant joie, et distrent: 'Benoit soit Dex, li pères Nostre Seignor Jhesucrit, qui salve ces qui ont esperance en lui,'" which is omitted, possibly, as too deliberately edifying. The narrative style is also improved; one sentence is left out because the substance of it is repeated farther on; another is changed from direct to indirect discourse; a third is shifted from the beginning to the middle of a paragraph. The conclusion of the story, to which Pater returns at the end of his essay, contains several lines intercalated from an earlier paragraph; and several lines are omitted—all with no indication of the liberties taken with the text.

The short and lovely excerpt from "Aucasin et Nicolette" has been even more tampered with. I have used Sucher's edition in verifying the references. In Pater's second paragraph (p. 21) his version reads: "She thought of the Count Garins of Beaucaire, who mortally hated her, *and, to be rid of her, might at any moment cause her to be burnt or drowned.*" For the words that I have italicized the original has, "Si se pensa qu'ele ne remanroit plus ilec; que s'ele estoit acusee, et li quens Garins le savoit, il le feroit de male mort morir." Not a word about burning or drowning! When Nicolette escapes by her window Pater tells how she "let herself slip down quite softly into the garden, *and passed straight across it, to reach the town.*" There is no equivalent for "quite softly" in the original, and the words in italics have been substituted for more than two quite different lines that need not be quoted. In the description of Nicolette, Pater characteristically omits "le nes haut et bien assis," as, I suppose, beneath the level of art. I am reminded of the article on the lack of poems in praise of the nose which appeared in the *Nation* some years ago, and which called forth a considerable anthology (or shall I call it nosegay?) of such verses.

The comparison of Nicolette's red lips to "cérisse ne rose el tens d'esté" does not appear in Pater, and needless prudery caused the omission of: "Et avoit les nameletes dure, qui li souslevoient sa vesteüre, ausi con ce fuissent deux nois gauges, et estoit graille par mi les flancs qu'en vos dex mains le peüsçiés enclorre." We scent Victorianism also in the omission of "et ses ganbes" from the sentence: "the daisies . . . looked dark against her feet." On the other hand, the phrase, "holding her skirt high behind and before," and the description of the moon, "which shone quietly in the sky," have no warrant from the original. And there are other minor changes. A more remarkable, because more nearly dishonest, misquotation occurs a few pages further on, where Pater refers to the most famous passage in the

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tale, Aucasin's expression of preference for hell, where the goodly scholars and fine horsemen and courteous ladies with their lovers are to be found. In this list Pater puts "the men of fashion," and in a note discusses the meaning of *parage,* with the evident implication that this is the word that he is rendering from the French. Now, this word does not occur anywhere near the lines which Pater is translating.

The essay on Du Bellay contains several extracts from the "Deffense et Illustration de la langue Françoyse." These are typical of Pater's manipulation of citations. Passages are tacked together that in the original are far apart; in two cases words are added; in one case sixteen lines in the middle of a paragraph are omitted, and in another case a clause is left out—all without remark. The two passages from Mme. de Staël's "De l'Allemagne" (Part II, chapter vi) in the essay on Winckelmann are correctly quoted.

So much for "The Renaissance." Pater's next volume, "Marius," does not well illustrate the peculiarity with which we are concerned. The version of Apuleius's "Cupid and Psyche" is quite faithful, save for a few omissions, and is perhaps nearer to the style of the original than Mr. Paul Elmer More is inclined to believe.

The famous essay on Style in the volume of "Appreciations" contains a good many passages from Flaubert's correspondence. I have to thank my friend Dr. A. Coleman, of the University of Chicago, an accomplished Flaubertist, for aid in running down these extracts in the edition Conard. The result of verifying them is really astonishing. Pater pieces together sentences, and even clauses, that, in the French, are many pages apart. Moreover, he says that several of them are addressed to "Madame X." (*i. e.,* Louise Colet) that are in reality addressed to other correspondents. Take this, for example: "'You talk,' he writes, odd, trying lover, to Madame X." (p. 32). The passage quoted is in part from a letter to his friend Du Camp, while the first two sentences I have been unable to locate at all; I am nearly certain they are in no letter to Madame X. But it will be well to consider the passages in order. The first and longest (pp. 28-9) is made up, according to the indication given by Pater's dashes, of four extracts, all from letters to Louise Colet. As a matter of fact, it is composed of six excerpts. The first paragraph is from a letter to Louise Colet (*Correspondance* I, 238-9); the first two sentences of paragraph two are from a letter to Alfred Le Poittevin (*ibid.,* p. 159); the rest of that paragraph from another letter to the same man (*ibid.,* p. 157); of the third paragraph, the first two sentences are from a letter to Louise Colet (*ibid.,* pp. 240-1), with the omission of about a dozen words; the rest of the paragraph to Le Poittevin (*ibid.,* p. 173), again with unindicated omissions; the last paragraph to Louise Colet (*ibid.,* p. 244). The short extract quoted by Pater on page 30 is from the same letter as the last, with the omission of part of a sentence in which Flaubert refers to his love for "Madame X."—an allusion perhaps not "objective" enough to do credit to the master, Flaubert, or to satisfy the disciple, Pater. The paragraph at the top of page 33 is an astonishing amalgam. The original of the first two sentences is found on page 292, of the next sentence on page 278, of the next two sentences on pages 213-14, of the first volume of the *Correspondance*—all addressed to Louise Colet. Then the last sentence is from a very early letter to Ernest Chevalier (*ibid.,* p. 39). Finally, the second quotation on page 33 is from a letter to Louise Colet (*ibid.,* pp. 290-1), with the omission of part of a sentence.

The second edition of "Appreciations" included Pater's review of Feuillet's "La Morte." This is one of Pater's least important pieces, and is made up largely of translated passages. Throughout these excerpts there are constant omissions, now of two lines, then a long sentence, then a paragraph, a clause, two sentences, etc. It would be needlessly tedious to give exact references. Note, however, in the last paragraph of the passage on page 229, Pater's phrase, "Then, after an interval." This is not in the original, and takes the place of two entire pages of theological discussion. So, also, on page 239, last paragraph of quotation, Pater omits Feuillet's description of the symptoms of Aliette's death. In both places, as in the case of the other omissions, Pater's manipulation of his material is a gain in art.

The description of Corsica, quoted from "Colomba" in the lecture on Mérimée in the "Miscellaneous Studies," is a good example of this selective method of quotation. To analyze it completely would take undue space, but any one interested in the matter may turn to the end of chapter iii of "Colomba" and compare it with Pater's version (p. 23). It will be seen that he has culled sentences here and there from the last two paragraphs, pruning and arranging as it pleased him. Briefly, it may be said that the first sentence is from the penultimate paragraph; then down to the word "nest" the cento is made up of passages from the last paragraph; and from thence to the end of the quotation Pater returns to the next to the last paragraph. And he gains the effect that he is after, as any one may see who compares the two descriptions.

My patience did not extend to the point of running down all the passages from Pascal in the essay on that writer. It is significant, however, that in the only passage that I verified (Pater here quotes the original French) two excerpts far removed in the "Lettres" are joined together.

I have already said that the chapter Suspended Judgment in "Gaston de Latour," in which Pater makes use of various thoughts in Montaigne's "Essays," is to be collated with the discourse of Aurelius in "Marius." It would be of interest to track these choice bits to their source, but for that I have not had time. In the unfinished last chapter of "Gaston" there is, however, an interesting reference to Brantôme. As usual, Pater "doctors" his quotation. He quotes from Brantôme that the Queen went to bed on the Eve of Saint Bartholomew, "having no knowledge of the matter" (p. 133), but leaves out the next quaint clause: "ny mesme senty le moindre vent du monde." Again for Brantôme's "Je te supplie et te requiers de luy vouloir pardonner" Pater puts simply, "O God, be pitiful!" (See Brantôme, "Œuvres" II, 530.)

In his excellent book, "The Masters of Modern French Criticism," Professor Babbitt has related Walter Pater and Anatole France closely in attitude towards life and art and in quality of workmanship. It is worth noting that a remark in M. France's preface to his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" serves partially to explain the manipulation of quotations of which I have given so many instances. He says that in no case will he give the exact words of his authorities, but will use the substance only. Direct quotation results in an unpleasant confusion of styles that makes a book well-nigh unreadable. "And I want to be read," says M. France. So, also, Pater has passed his material through the alembic of his imagination till it has become always an essential portion of his entire theme, in no case a crude break in the continuity of his discourse. But has the critic a right to do this? The function of style, says Pater himself in the lecture on Raphael, is selective, is the assertion of one's self in a transcript of the data presented. And so, when we find him transposing, omitting, rearranging, mis-ascribing, and in a few cases even apparently substituting his own for somebody else's ideas, there is needed but a generous interpretation of what Pater conceived to be the function of criticism, namely, that it has in it something of the creative art. "How does the work appeal to you?" the critic asks himself. "This is how it appeals to me," Pater replies, cutting down *longueurs* meanwhile, removing didacticism and over-frankness of expression, rearranging so as to produce a finer effect. One might push this explanation further and make it serve as a defence of Pater's absolute misinterpretation of the facts of history in his languid picture of a Lacedaemon of æsthetes and of an early Christianity with taste and opportunity for ritual as elaborate as that of the later stages of the Oxford Movement. This has been fully dealt with in Mr. More's essay in "The Drift of Romanticism," an essay stern, yet, I think, just.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, JR.

Correspondence

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a reader of the *Nation* for over forty years, I have come to entertain so high a regard for its fairness and ability in presenting and discussing the issues of the day that it pains me to see it depart from that course, even if only once. Thus in your last issue, speaking of "the actual steps in the formation of public opinion in this country concerning the war," you say: "In the beginning there was no anti-German prejudice whatever."

In this you are wrong. The prejudice manifested itself from the beginning, that is to say, from the delivery of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. If you are in a position to consult the files of the Chicago *Abendpost,* you will find there bitter complaints of the hostile tone and attitude to Germany of the American English press right from the start, and from my own reading I know these complaints to have been well founded. One paper, I remember, went so far as to charge, without producing any proof whatever, that the absence of the Kaiser from Berlin at the time of the controversy between Austria and Servia was intentional and merely a "blind" on his part, and that it was part of a prearranged plan.

There is nothing new in this. History repeats itself. The same prejudice cropped out in 1870 at the outbreak of and during the French-German War. In those days, the Germans in this country were universally called "Dutch," and it was not until the German victory that our American cousins began

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to have some respect for the German nation and ceased applying to them the contemptuous epithet. PHILIP STEIN.

Chicago, August 29.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE'S PART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of the *Nation* to reach me there is a letter which expresses warm approval of your conception of two Germanys, the Kaiser's and, shall we say, Bebel's. May I quote three extracts and ask you to print them in fairness to the other side.

The first is from a letter by a German, "by blood, by intellectual affinity, and by sensibility," as he says. "For the constitution and actions of that state [the German] the German nation, and no one else, is responsible. That is why we are at war, not with the Kaiser, but with the German nation." "We can measure, in our small circle, the difference in spirit between the Germany of our grandparents and the Germany of our cousins and their children, and we can estimate the causes." "It is chiefly due to the persistent indoctrination among the most docile, the most long-suffering, and the most over-educated people in Europe of a false, wicked, and arrogant theory of human society and government, which has obscured for this generation . . . the great and immortal tradition of German idealism and tolerance."—Alfred Eckhard Zimmern.

The second is from a letter by Valentine Chirol: "Mr. MacDonald still, apparently, lays to his soul the flattering unction that a distinction can be drawn between Prussian militarism and German democracy. That is a terribly dangerous delusion, and I venture to speak on this point with some authority, as one who has had an intimate knowledge of Germany since the war of 1870, and who has watched for many years the steady poisoning of the wells of German public opinion against England, even in the days of Bismarck, though he was actuated solely by his detestation of British Liberal institutions and his dread of 'British influences' at court, and of 'the Englishwoman' who was afterwards the Empress Frederick."

The third is from a letter by Frederic Harrison: "The whole German military and *civil order* are responsible for this poisoning of the moral sense of the nation. We know that *nine-tenths of the German people* accept their leadership and adopt their infernal code that 'might is right!'" HENRY WINSLOW.

London, September 14.

SHAKESPEARE ON WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this time of England's heroic struggle many will doubtless be interested to turn to the picture of a similar national uprising, though with a different antagonist, in Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth." Never, unless, perhaps, in the Persians of Æschylus, has patriotism been clothed in more splendid poetry.

One passage (Act III, scene 6) has a special significance as showing the moral tone, if not of a great King and heroic soldier, at least of the world's greatest dramatist, especially cherished in Germany: "We give express charge, that, in our march through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., September 25.

MAINE FIGURES TRANSPOSED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to an error in fact in your issue of September 17. It occurs in the article entitled "Maine Heard From," on p. 339 of that issue. The rectification of this error does not at all vitiate your conclusions in that article, with which I entirely agree; in fact, it strengthens them. In comparing the recent State election with that of 1912 you state that the Democratic figures were 71,000 in 1912 and 62,000 in 1914, a loss of 9,000; while the opposition figures were 68,000 in 1912 and 76,000 in 1914, a gain of 8,000.

You have transposed the 1912 figures. The Democrats received the 68,000 and the opposition the 71,000 in that year, for Maine went Republican in September, 1912. Thus the loss for the Democrats and the gain for their opponents in the two years is 6,000 and 5,000 respectively, instead of 9,000 and 8,000 as stated in your article. The evidence, therefore, on that basis, of any reaction against the Democratic party is reduced 33 1-3 per cent. A. H. WESTON.

Readfield, Me., September 21.

ROBERT FRANCIS HARPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Robert Francis Harper, who died in London on August 6, was born in New Concord, O., in 1864. He received his collegiate education at Denison and Muskingum Colleges and at the University of Chicago. His own tastes and the influence of his brother, Prof. William Rainey Harper, led him to take up the study of Semitic philology, and he spent the years 1884-86 at work upon this subject in the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig. After attaining the degree of doctor of philosophy in Leipzig he returned to this country to become instructor in the Semitic languages at Yale. From Yale he was called to the reëstablished University of Chicago, being made professor of the Semitic languages there in 1892, and, with his brother and the other distinguished Semitic scholars whom that institution attached to its faculty, he took an active part in the development of that renewed interest in Semitic and Biblical studies which spread from Chicago as a centre over the whole country.

In 1888-89 he served as Assyriologist on the expedition supported by the Babylonian Exploration Fund of the University of Pennsylvania, and the knowledge which he thus gained of field work he was able at a later date to supplement as director of the school in Jerusalem, as director of the expedition to Babylonia, of the Oriental Exploration Fund, and as curator of the Babylonian section of the Haskell Oriental Museum.

He was editor of the *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, and associate editor of the *American Journal of Theology*, and for several years of the *Biblical World*. Among his published works are "Assyrian Literature," 1901, and "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters," 1902. To the general public he is probably best known by his admirable translation of the "Code of Hammurabi" (1904), and to Semitic scholars by his "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum." He began publishing the letters of this collection in 1892, and Part I of the series containing them was the first work to bear the imprint of the University of Chicago Press. Since that time he had devoted all of his leisure from teaching to this work, and he was engaged upon it at the time of his death. Thirteen volumes have already appeared, and Part XIV is ready for the press. Probably four or five more volumes would cover the remaining letters in the collection. It is earnestly hoped that it will be found possible to bring these out, together with an Index, so as to bring to completion the great work to which Professor Harper gave so many years of his life. F. F. ABBOTT.

Princeton University, September 1.

VARIOUS ABUSES OF WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Edmund Lester Pearson's recent essay on "Remedial Legislation for Words," it seems to me that volumes might be written on the dearth among us of proper feeling for words, and—to use a word that has itself been overworked by many classes of people, ranging from the art critic to the advertising expert of a department store—their "values."

The wide-spread misuse of common words by people who ought to know better, general poor taste in their choice, illiterate pronunciations, and bad syntax are due chiefly to habit or fashion, and to inertia. It is, perhaps, only in the remoter provinces that our learned lawyers now refer, as one actually did in a speech to a jury, to the "Seezar" of Russia. Not every rural editor is like the one who compared something which held out well, something which seemed practically inexhaustible, to "the Widow Crucible's oil." Very few town oracles, even, can match that one—a physician in good standing and a pillar of the church—who gave his *ipse dixit* on the capacity of the Filipinos for self-government. Said he, "They are not a progressive people. They seem not to have advanced greatly from where they were when St. Paul indited his great Epistle to them."

We have, for the most part, learned to pronounce "dessert" so that, instead of calling up visions of sands and simooms, it suggests rather such things as belong to oases. "*Address*," however, is almost universal, at least here in the Middle West. And it has been but a few months since I saw and heard the citizens of the metropolis of one of our greatest States pointing with pride to their new "Munic*i*pal" Building—primary accent on the first syllable, secondary accent on the penultimate.

Of less common words persistently misused, a particularly long-suffering one is *internecine*. I think the better writers avoid it, for those who use it at all—chiefly journalists—seem almost universally to employ it to describe civil or internal strife. To them, an internecine struggle need not be deadly or even bitter, if only it be factional. They apply the word equally to a revolution and to a quarrel in a church choir. The prefix *inter* misleads them, and they do not consult a dictionary.

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There are some common uses and combinations of words that are not incorrect, but only silly. An example of a combination which is both is "I hope he does," when one really means "I hope he will." The brand of culture that says, when giving an introduction, "Mrs. Blank, meet Mrs. White," is the same that, upon committing some slight breach of the social amenities, exclaims, "Excuse *me!*" It is of the same class as those novels in which the hero has the reprehensible habit of "swearing softly to himself," and the heroine, under stress of strong emotion, speaks with "a queer little catch in her voice."

The most overburdened drudge of a word just at present is "efficiency." It is not a word, either that naturally belongs in the class of drudges. It is a good, gilt-edged word, and aristocratic, as we of America are supposed to rate aristocracy. It is the essence of pragmatism, not to say commercialism. Being a gilt-edged word, it is not a golden word—not poetic or beautiful by sound or association. Such as it is, it is the word of the hour, and stands for that to which we Americans are reputed to say our prayers. It does represent an ideal, even if it is not an idealist's word, and there is no better thing to strive for than efficiency—in the best things. But it is the more reprehensible to overdo so good a word. There are people of sensitive nerves, no doubt, who in the last few months have inly vowed a vow never, never under any circumstances, to be efficient in anything. At the present rate of use, however, we shall soon have to find a new word for the idea it represents, because the word itself will be done to death, and its own efficiency a thing of the past.

ELIZABETH WADDELL.

Ash Grove, Mo., September 9.

ELIMINATING THE UNESSENTIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to a recently published book, those futurists who have devoted themselves to the reform of literature propose to eliminate the unessential in language. The planks in their platform are six. I quote them from Mr. A. J. Eddy's "Cubism and Post-Impressionists," supplying illustration prepared by myself according to his rules.

I. "Use only the *infinite form* of the verb, because only the infinite mood gives the sense of the *continuity of life.*" Applying this principle to Tennyson's famous line, one gets: "To break, to break, to break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!"

II. "Abolish the use of the *adjective,* so that the noun *standing alone* may speak for itself with all its force"; as in this happy modification of Byron's well-known verse: "Roll on, thou ocean, roll!"

III. "Abolish the *adverb,* which is a *superfluous refinement,* a fastidious hampering of human expression"; as is clearly indicated when we change Lincoln's "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain," to "Resolved, that these dead shall not have died."

IV. "New *punctuation;* . . . . a living style . . . creates itself without the use of absurd commas and periods. To accentuate certain movements and indicate their directions, certain mathematical and unusual signs will be used." Gilding Lincoln again: "Fourscore and seven years ago ← our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal now ⇒ we are engaged in a great civil war ! " Or again:

"Cannon to right of them ☞
Cannon to left of them ☜
Cannon behind them ⇕
Volley'd ****** and thunder'd ∿∿∿∿"

V. "Abolish the 'I' from literature, that is to say, *psychology;* replace the 'I,' the ego, by the *matter,* the essence of which must be appreciated by intuitions." To illustrate: "When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, water was taken and hands were washed saying, that which speaks is innocent of the blood of this just person; let that essence or matter which hears see to it." By consulting Matthew xxvii, one may see how wonderfully the elimination of the personal pronoun intensifies and clarifies literature.

VI. "Revolution in *typographical* appearance . . . employ on the same page three or four inks of different colors, and twenty different characters, if necessary; for example, italics to express rapid sensations; capitals for violent, etc., etc." How poetry gains by this device! Cleopatra speaks as follows in Shakespeare's famous play—small caps mean sharp commands, large caps a cry or shriek, diamond type a whisper, very large caps a climax, black letter a pleasing reminiscence—italics indicate "rapid sensations" and sensibility generally; the printer (who is a standpatter) will not allow us the red, purple, and blue ink that might suggest still more effectively the sensuality, aspiration, and other perfervid emotions of the text:

GIVE ME my robe, PUT ON my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
YARE, YARE, good Iras; QUICK. *Methinks I hear Antony call;* I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. . . . HUSBAND I COME!
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am FIRE and AIR; my other elements
I give to baser life; so; have you DONE?
COME THEN, *and take the last warmth of my lips.*
FAREWELL, KIND CHARMIAN, IRAS long farewell.

Now all this is simply and solely the logical development of journalism; the exquisite result of the pressure of exaggeration upon words. And how stupid of the journalists to lag so far behind their programme! They have debauched the adverb and the adjective, it is true, but they have not yet had the courage to throw the battered bodies overboard. They have snubbed the good old punctuation marks, but still meanly depend upon them in a pinch. Two colors and several types have appeared in their pages, but with what crudity. A yellow article full of scarlet lies dripping with purple sentimentalism, and with a black motive at the bottom of it, is printed in 8 point, with only a scattering of italics, or a black and red headline, to indicate its vivid and emotional mendacity.

A high-school psychologist knows that it takes a stronger and then a stronger stimulus to keep up excitement in a jaded nerve. Either the journalists and the advertisement writers must give up their struggle to divert us from dull truth, or devise a more compelling diction.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Yale University, August 21.

Literature

MR. GOSSE'S CRITICISM.

Collected Essays of Edmund Gosse. Five volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

Some time ago we had occasion in these columns (*Nation,* March 27, 1913) to review Mr. Gosse's latest and in some respects best collection of essays, his "Portraits and Sketches," and this volume has now come to us with four others, printed in uniform and attractive style. As we turn the pages of these successive series it is a pleasure to note the growth in charm and precision from the earliest (the "Seventeenth Century Studies," of 1883) to the later work, and to distinguish the persistent elements of strength and weakness in Mr. Gosse's criticism. The first series of essays was an attempt to do in a systematic way "for the rank and file of seventeenth-century literature what modern criticism has done, on a much larger scale, for Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden." It was, to a certain extent, pioneer work. Among the authors chosen for study, Crashaw and Cowley had not then been issued in the admirable and cheap library of the Cambridge English Classics, nor had the "Matchless Orinda" appeared in Mr. Saintsbury's convenient collection of the minor seventeenth-century poets. But it cannot be said that Mr. Gosse was highly successful in his lucubrations. There is in his book no serious criticism of the great currents that moved through the age, and he failed to give vivid reality to so human a figure as Lodge. Some of his critical dicta are scarcely tenable, and he has never been impeccable in matters of pure scholarship. "Already," he says, for example, "in these Euphuistic romances we trace in embryo certain qualities which have always been characteristic of Anglo-Saxon fiction, a vigorous ideal of conduct, a love of strength and adventure, an almost Quixotic reverence for womanhood." It is a mighty word, this "Anglo-Saxon," but it would puzzle the most ardent advocate of racial distinctions to show how English Euphuism differed in these particular traits from its Italian original. And we should like Mr. Gosse to prove that "she [Julia] bore him [Herrick] one daughter, . . . to whom he addressed one of his latest poems." On the other hand, there are hints in this earliest volume of the sort of thing in which the critic was to show himself a master. The chapter on Captain Dover's Cotswold Games is a pleasant jaunt into one of the less-trodden byways of literature, and the sketch of Orinda needs only a little freer use of that matchless nymph's correspondence to be a charming portrait.

In such things Mr. Gosse was to display a skill and neatness by no means so common in English letters as one might suppose, or so easy to attain—in his light and facile handling of lesser and more curious topics. And his second volume, "Gossip in a Library," a series of very brief musings on the

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rarer books in his own possession, is Mr. Gosse at his best, a most human pedant and entertaining fireside companion. The key-note of the volume is struck in a paragraph of the Introduction, than which the author has never done anything better:

I have heard that the late Mr. Edward Solly, a very pious and worshipful lover of books, under several examples of whose book-plate I have lately reverently placed my own, was so anxious to fly all outward noise that he built himself a library in his garden. I have been told that the books stood there in perfect order, with the rose-spray flapping at the window, and great Japanese vases exhaling such odors as most annoy an insect-nostril. The very bees would come to the window, and sniff, and boom indignantly away again. The silence there was perfect. It must have been in such a secluded library that Christian Mentzelius was at work when he heard the male book-worm flap his wings, and crow like a cock in calling to his mate. I feel sure that even Mentzelius, a very courageous writer, would hardly pretend that he could hear such a "shadow of a sound" elsewhere. That is the library I should like to have. In my sleep, "where dreams are multitude," I sometimes fancy that one day I shall have a library in a garden. The phrase seems to contain the whole felicity of man—"a library in a garden!"

That "sober certainty of waking bliss" remained, so far as we know, not for the meritorious author of these essays, and was never set forth in suitable English speech save by the creator of "Dreamthorp." But Mr. Gosse was to become librarian of the House of Lords, acquiring thereby, as we have heard one of his cynical friends declare, association with the two things he most coveted, rare books and titles—not book titles. At least there is no harm in repeating a bit of innocent gossip, of the kind that might go into one of Mr. Gosse's own anecdotal essays. His particular "Gossip in a Library," of which we are now speaking, deals, however, not with the living but with the dead, although it ends with a few words about the authors of "Ionica" and "The Shaving of Shagpat," who have only since then gone to that land "without folios," dreaded by Charles Lamb and all other true worshippers of ancient print. A number of the essays in brief discuss men and books of the seventeenth century, but the most characteristic of them draw on that treasure-house of anecdote and entertainment which a recent historian has called the Age of Whigs and Wigs. Who but Mr. Gosse ever heard of "Amasia; or, The Works of the Muses; in three volumes; by Mr. John Hopkins"? Well, the author of "Amasia" "was no poet," as our essayist observes, "but he possessed the faculty of writing with exactitude about himself"—a most rare and virtuous faculty—and out of his three volumes we have here seven pages of well-woven anecdote which lift the veil from an obscure corner of life in the year seventeen hundred. One of Mr. Hopkins's numbers is entitled "To Amasia, tickling a gentleman":

It was no perfunctory tickling that Amasia administered:

While round his sides your nimble fingers played,
With pleasing softness did they swiftly rove,
While, at each touch, they made his Heart-strings move.
As round his Breast, his ravish'd Breast they crowd,
We hear their Music when he laughs aloud.

This is probably the only instance in literature in which a gentleman has complacently celebrated in verse the fact that his lady-love has tickled some other gentleman.

Like other true lovers, Mr. Hopkins had to console himself with the shadowy muse in lieu of the lady who was destined by a fateful papa to wed another—tickled or untickled—gentleman. But he, though least of poets, has his reward: in these pages of Mr. Gosse's he is still young, and Amasia is forever fair. We cannot follow Mr. Gosse as he picks one rare volume after another from his shelves. Occasionally he is too brief for virtue. Who would not relish a long study, with generous quotations, of that "Diary of a Lover of Literature" which, with Wesley's "Journal" and Crabbe's "Poems," was the *délices* of Edward FitzGerald?

Yet, if occasionally too condensed, Mr. Gosse might have done well to follow more strictly his own motto from La Fontaine:

Bornons ici cette carrière:
Les longs ouvrages me font peur;
Loin d'épuiser une matière,
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

His next volume, the "Critical Kit-Kats," is made up of full-blown critical portraits, better altogether than the "Seventeenth Century Studies," but, to our taste, not so perfect as their shorter predecessors. Again we note the uncertainty of touch in critical matters of larger moment. Asking himself, for instance, why Keats lives among the English poets, he replies: "Originality of poetic style was not, it seems to me, the predominant characteristic of Keats. It might have come with ripening years, but it cannot be at all certain that it would. It never came to Pope or to Lamartine, to Virgil or to Tennyson"—and then an elaboration of this dictum. Most critics, we opine, would say that originality of poetic style was the one great native gift which Keats possessed when he wrote his "Endymion"—too licentious an originality if anything—and Virgil's style, beyond cavil, is one of the most individual and least imitable in the whole history of poetry. In some of the other essays in this volume Mr. Gosse proceeds more surely. From the "Walt Whitman," to name one of the best, a number of excellently judicious paragraphs might be quoted. There is at least matter for curious reflection in such a paradox as this:

Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality, something that maddens the judgment until the wisest lose their self-control. Therefore, I propound a theory. It is this, that there is no real Walt Whitman, that is to say, that he cannot be taken as any other figure in literature is taken, as an entity of positive value and defined characteristics, as, for instance, we take the life and writings of Racine, or of Keats, or of Jeremy Taylor, including the style with the substance, the teaching with the idiosyncrasy. In these ordinary cases the worth and specific weight of the man are not greatly affected by our attitude towards him. An atheist or a Quaker may contemplate the writings of the Bishop of Down without sympathy; that does not prevent the "Holy Dying" from presenting, even to the mind of such an opponent, certain defined features which are unmodified by like or dislike. This is true of any fresh or vivid talent which may have appeared among us yesterday. But I contend that it is not true of Whitman. Whitman is mere *bathybius;* he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface.

A better sentence than any of these, highly characteristic of the critic himself, and not in contradiction to what has just been quoted, though seemingly so, is the following:

When people are still young and like roughing it, they appreciate a picnic into Whitman-land, but it is not meant for those who choose to see their intellectual comforts round them.

But, after all, the real intellectual comforts (how beautiful the word "comfort," and how debased by its modern materialistic associations!) in these "Kit-Kats" are not the critical passages, but the more personal pages in which the author tells, always with gentlemanlike discretion, of his friendly relations with such men as Walter Pater and Robert Louis Stevenson and Lord De Tabley. We could almost wish that decorum had not restrained Mr. Gosse from relating more unreservedly the strange and vexed life of the last-named. But we must be content with hints at the deeper and more tragic aspects of that poet's career, while relishing fully the friend and book-lover in him. Who that has ever shared a treasure trove with a fellow-searcher will not delight in this anecdote that displays the collector's most honorable traits?

In 1877 he secured, by a happy accident, a copy of Milton's "Poems" of 1645, a book which he had never met with before. Too eager to wait for the post, he sent a messenger round to my house with a note to announce not merely the joyful fact, but—this is the interesting point—a discovery he had made in the volume, namely, that the line in the "Nativity Ode," which in all later editions has run,

Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing,

originally stood,

The enamell'd arras of the rainbow wearing,

"which," as he said, "is a grand mouthful of sound, and was so much better than the weak 'like glories.'"

Were it not for the fear of being too long, without Mr. Gosse's excuse of literary talent, we should like to comment on another anecdote which shows Lord De Tabley rebuking Browning for light treatment of a copy of Davenant's "Madagascar." "Oh!" exclaimed the irate collector afterwards, "I could not allow him to *patronize* Davenant." This, we think, the gift of happy personal reminiscence, whether of men he has known or

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of rare books he has coddled, is the vein which makes of Mr. Gosse one of our most genial critics, and justifies the very comfortable (if we are not ourselves helping to debase that word) republication of his essays. The reader may discover for himself how far these qualities penetrate the "French Profiles," and the *Nation* has already pointed to their abundant presence in the "Portraits and Sketches."

CURRENT FICTION.

Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

We have always respected Mr. Herrick for his seriousness, and admired him for his power of presenting character and episode. But we have had occasion to deplore a lack of restraint and concision in the use of his abundant materials. He has seemed to yield too freely to the spell of what he has recently formulated as "the state of flux of our life, the complexity and bigness of the American social background." That is an amazing thing to contemplate; an appalling thing to reduce as a whole to terms of art. Mr. Herrick's imagination did not prove big enough for the huge canvas he first chose to employ. He would produce a series of vivid groups, each drawn with well-nigh photographic distinctness, but it was hard to get the meaning of the composition as a whole. In the later novels, he has steadily narrowed his scene, and as steadily broadened his interpretation. The flux and the bigness of American life are felt in the atmosphere of "One Woman's Life" or "Clark's Field," as they were not in the mere dimensions of "Together."

Of "Clark's Field" we have the happy feeling that we cannot speak too warmly. Here is another story of "one woman's life," but the woman is very different from the exigent butterfly who has appeared so often in this writer's pages. To be sure, we find the child Adelle in that atmosphere of middle-class squalor from which so many beautiful and heartless heroines have emerged of late. Her aunt keeps a boarding-house in a village which is rapidly becoming a part of the Eastern city of B——. Clark's Field is a fifty-acre tract "tied up" for two generations by the disappearance of a part heir. Adelle's grandfather has tried to sell it for $5,000, but has failed for lack of a clear title. When Adelle reaches her majority and comes into the property, it is worth a thousand times that. The difficulty of the joint heir has been obviated by the skilful hand of the trust company which is her guardian.

But before the hour of her full inheritance she has come a long way from the boarding-house at Alton. Mr. Herrick has pictured her first girlhood as plain, dull, without attractiveness or promise. The fashionable boarding-school to which the trust company sends her does not educate her mentally or morally. Still, there is something sound at the bottom of her "dumbness," something unfelt but inviolable. She becomes a spendthrift, an idler, makes a foolish marriage, suffers for her folly. But all the time there is within her a germ of character, of goodness, and of strength. This carries her through the butterfly phase, this gradually rouses her sluggish intelligence, and when a horrible personal experience comes to her, this lifts her above despair or apathy. We leave her a triumphant figure, a figure of beauty and power wrought from the most unpromising materials. Goodness and beauty are also in the figure of the Clark cousin, Adelle's kinsman in nature as in blood, who comes into her life by a road which realism would have none of. Indeed, the whole conclusion of the matter may easily be disposed of as vague and sentimental by an unsympathetic reader. But we believe that Mr. Herrick will find many sympathetic readers for this sincere and imaginative study of human life.

"If Mr. Herrick were older," said Mr. Howells not long ago, "I should say that he had learned from life how patient people are with disappointment, in the larger rather than the smaller experiences, and how beautiful and pathetic their resignation to fate is." We have more than once commented on the elegiac, almost plaintive, strain in Mr. Herrick's work. Unless as a matter of style, there is nothing of that here. For firmness of structure, singleness of effect, vigor, and hopefulness of spirit, the book stands by itself among Mr. Herrick's novels.

The Hidden Children. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is easy to understand the popularity of Mr. Chambers's novels. He writes usually a thoroughly readable tale of adventure, and long practice has made him a master in the art of mixing the ingredients that go to the composition of such a story in exactly the proportions that please the public taste. His latest work is an admirable example of his style. It deals with that period of the Revolution when the colonists were waging war against the great Indian confederacy of the Iroquois, and when the proud gentry of County Tryon, dispossessed of their estates by the Committee of Sequestration, had joined forces with the marauding Indians and were spreading terror through the countryside. The broad outlines of history are retained, but are diversified with the individual adventures of the hero, a young ensign in Morgan's Rifles. And the hero is all that he should be—young and brave and pure, modest withal, and just sufficiently unintelligent in some respects to make the reader feel pleasantly that he is, after all, of common clay, even as the reader himself. Sentiment is mingled judiciously with adventure, and the heroine has all the graces as well as all the virtues that the heart of man can desire. Due heed is paid to the romantic aspect of the Indian, and we find again with a rush of reminiscent gratitude the stirring ceremony whereby the hero and a noble red man forge the bond of blood-brotherhood. Altogether, this is a brisk story of adventure.

Gideon's Band. By George W. Cable. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The color of this long and sustained romance largely rises from its setting—the Mississippi steamer Votaress, bound from New Orleans to Louisville with a crowd of immigrants on the lower deck, and on the upper the young hero, son of the line's owner, and the young heroine, daughter of a keen commercial rival. It is rich in character contrasts, and through the book, subordinated as regards interest only to the lovers, move the Senator, the gambler, the bishop, the backwoods actor, the farmer, the roustabout, and the merchant. Out of this motley world naturally rises a story of considerable complexity, which it more than taxes the author's power to handle deftly. Cholera breaks out upon the lower deck, and a panic threatens which calls forth an appealing exhibition of heroism on the part of two or three. There are, too, certain sequels to a previous river disaster, which involve the attempt to conceal an ex-slave. The climax comes when mutiny, fear, wrath, smouldering on every deck in an atmosphere of unreason, are averted through a theatrical performance planned by the young people of the boat and by the "play-actors." Next to the superfluous complexity of the plot, the chief blemish is the author's ill-success in portraying the heroine. She grows from a hoyden to a poised young woman, it is true—but it is as the hoyden, giggling in times of crisis, untouched in times of real emotion, that we think of her.

Tarzan of the Apes. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is hard to imagine how more elements of mystery and thrill could be assembled between a pair of book-covers. We have heard of human children reared by beasts, but Mowgli is a feeble fancy compared with this hero. Tarzan is not only adopted by a she-ape, he is heir to an English title. He not only travels by preference through the tree-tops, with or without passengers, but he kills lions by jumping on their backs and carrying the double Nelson to its spine-breaking finish. He teaches himself to read and write English without ever having heard a word spoken, and learns to speak it clubmanly in the course of a week or two. In his character of naked savage he wins the love of the American maiden, and shows the result of Norman blood by his chivalrous treatment of her. He also finds a treasure chest for her indigent popper, rescues her from a forest fire, and performs other feats too numerous to mention in this place. The crowning bit of ingenuity with which the author is to be credited is the means of his identification as the true Lord Graystoke. At six weeks of age he has left infant finger-prints upon a page of his father's diary, and the diary has survived! Only persons who like a story in which a maximum of preposterous incident is served up with a minimum of compunction can enjoy these casual pages.

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WHIGS AND PITTITES.

Lord Chatham and the Whig Opposition. By D. A. Winstanley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.95.

This is a work of great merit, revealing care and thought on every page, and is probably the best account that has been written of a very chaotic and hence very difficult period. Since the appearance of von Ruville's Life of William Pitt, English scholars have turned eagerly to the old problem of interpreting the politics of the first half of the reign of George III. They have been inspired either by the hope of refuting von Ruville's aspersions on the character of that popular hero, William Pitt, or else by the scholarly results of the German savant's methods. The problem of Pitt had already engrossed the attention of Dr. Winstanley before the appearance of von Ruville's volumes; but he shows in the above work the German's influence by a more painstaking examination of the archival material and a greater care in the weighing of evidence. There is no indication of his intentional desire to take issue with von Ruville, although he by no means follows the latter's interpretations.

The theme of the book is politics; and no previous writer has shown an equal understanding of the "men and measures" of the period. Mr. Winstanley has made a careful study of the personality and the politics of each individual, so that he is able to give in brief pen-pictures the portraits of those politicians who have made the reign of George III so notorious. Here we find an excellent likeness of the Duke of Newcastle, with a rather more prepossessing countenance than is usually drawn. In spite of his many mannerisms and his suspicions, the old Duke was learned in the game of politics and his advice better than that of the younger men, like the Marquis of Rockingham, who were so eager to slip the mantle from his shoulders. The picture of Lord North is not less well drawn. His imperturbable good nature and his keen sense of humor made him a foe against whom the darts of sarcasm and invective were ineffective.

In spite of the title of the volume, we do not see so much of Chatham as might be expected. Naturally enough, the greater part of the book is filled with an account of the Chatham-Grafton Ministry, at which time the former was at home nursing his mysterious gout, the details of which Mr. Winstanley spares us. But Chatham is not left out of the picture, and the author brings him forward at the proper periods and displays him in all his majesty. Chatham is a favorite of Mr. Winstanley's, and he shows him off to the fullest advantage, although he is no blind worshipper of the inspired statesman.

The keystone of Mr. Winstanley's interpretations of the politics of the era lies in the conflict of two opposing theories of government: the one favored by the court was that of Bolingbroke, which disapproved of political parties; that maintained by the "Whig Opposition" was that party government was inevitable and salutary. George III believed that in Chatham he had found the ideal man to make Bolingbroke's theory a reality. Men were to be chosen by the Prime Minister, not for their party affiliations but for their fitness to govern. Mr. Winstanley shows how this plan completely broke down through the failure to persuade men to leave their political connections, through the sickness of Chatham and the weakness of Grafton, until under Lord North the King became the real master and the Whig party was broken.

The volume is so good that it is a pity that it is not perfect; but there is one fundamental error in Mr. Winstanley's interpretation for which the reader has to make many readjustments. Like so many English historians, he is infatuated with the name of Whig and reads back into the eighteenth century conditions which prevailed only after the death of George III. To him Whig generally means that faction which was formerly led by the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, but which, during the period under review, looked to the Marquis of Rockingham as its leader, and to Edmund Burke as its spokesman. He knows that there were other Whig groups, such as the Bedfordites, the Grenvillites, and the Pittites, and even Whigs among the court faction, but the fact that there are these other Whig groups has not led him, any more than it has other distinguished English historians, to modify his interpretation. For Mr. Winstanley the "Old Whigs" stand for the Whig party.

If Mr. Winstanley had considered more carefully the later history of this group of men, he would not have fallen into this error. They were those who made that "unhallowed alliance" with Lord North against Lord Shelburne; they formed the faction which divided at the period of the French Revolution, one group, the most weighty, showing their real colors by joining to form the new Tory party, the other becoming the centre of the new Whig party.

The period which Mr. Winstanley covers was one when there were no parties, only factions, which grouped themselves generally according to self-interest. Most of the groups were incompetent and self-seeking. Their leadership was in the hands of "standpatters," and that particular faction of the Old Whigs was of the most conservative character. Their philosophy was based upon the principle of *laissez faire*, and with Burke they gazed in awe upon the machinery of that "best of all constitutions" and would not mar its perfections by laying unhallowed hands upon it. It was this fundamental principle of theirs which prevented Lord Chatham from joining with them—and why he did not is a mystery to all Whig historians, including Mr. Winstanley. Lord Chatham and his following were most pronounced progressives, who believed that the Government should cure the evils existing in society. They would extend the suffrage; they would overhaul the civil service. They were expansionists; they advocated governmental control of East India and the development of the colonial possessions in the west of America. Thus the fundamental principles of the Pittites and the Old Whigs were irreconcilable, and they wouldn't unite. When they did, in 1782, it was only for a moment, and then they separated to renew their struggle.

If Mr. Winstanley had grasped this fundamental difference between the Pittites and the Old Whigs, he would probably have reached other interpretations of some events. When the Rockingham Ministry came into power in 1765, they tried very hard to induce Pitt to join them, but he said then, as always, that "measures not men" were what he considered; and during the whole of their brief period of power the Old Whigs never exhibited an interest in a broad progressive policy. They even nullified their repeal of the Stamp Act by passing the Declaratory Act, which was so contrary to the opinion of Pitt. When, in 1766, Pitt (or Lord Chatham) came into power, he persuaded individuals of the Old Whig faction to remain in his Ministry; but they soon left it, because, as they alleged, the Minister removed Lord Edgecombe from office; but before that was done, Alderman Beckford had announced what the new Minister's policy in East India was to be, and the Old Whigs showed by their opposition to the later measures introduced by the Ministry that they never could have stood on the same political platform with Lord Chatham. Did the Old Whigs use the removal of Lord Edgecombe as an excuse to leave a Ministry whose measures they could not support? Mr. Winstanley does not see the necessity even of asking this question; nor, because he identifies the Old Whigs with the Whig party which developed later, is he able to explain why Chatham turned always to the Duke of Bedford in his negotiations to gain additional strength for the Ministry rather than to the Marquis of Rockingham, even when the King expressed his preference for the latter.

THE NOBLE LECTURES ON DANTE.

The Spiritual Message of Dante. By the Rt. Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

The six lectures contained in this volume are those delivered at Harvard in 1913 on the William Belden Noble foundation. Their purpose is primarily religious. "They are not intended as a contribution to the critical study of the 'Divina Commedia,'" the Preface states; "they are simply thoughts on religious experience as exemplified in Dante's poem."

The spiritual message of the "Comedy" is so clear and so compelling that it must remain deeply impressive in any faithful report, and it is impressive, indeed, in these lectures, which are enthusiastic as well as faithful. They are good in their exposition of the nature of sin as Dante conceived it; they are excellent in their insistence on the energetic quality of the divine love. Plain Dantesque truths are often plainly and effectively restated: "for ordinary mortals

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the very sight of evil is bad, and may end in a paralyzed conscience"; "the readiness to bear the penalty becomes a remedial power"; "righteousness is as the salt of love, to preserve it from corruption"; "the power of evil is in the spiritual enfeeblement which results from evil indulged in."

The impressiveness of the lectures is, however, seriously impaired by their sentimentality. Human love is a fond theme with Bishop Carpenter; he treats phase after phase of it with zeal and zest, even to the rehabilitation of Rahab. Eight pages are spent in drawing and defending a wholly imaginary picture of the maternal love that Dante supposedly enjoyed in his childhood —this argument, among others, being offered in the defence: there is a story that before Dante's birth his mother dreamed that her offspring was a peacock; such stories do not circulate round an unwelcome child; *ergo*, etc. The Paolo and Francesca legend is set forth, like a favorite *novella*, in sweet phrasing and in full detail; the ugly historical facts are briefly told; and we are then bidden to forget the facts and remember the "pathetic romance" on the ground that the legend is what appealed to Dante!

Scarcely less unfortunate is the haphazard composition of the lectures. The Preface offers an apology: the book must represent the lectures as they were given, and they were not written out before they were given. But if the book was to represent the lectures as given, they should have been given in a form ready for publication. Dante held that the proper utterance of his supreme message required the most exquisite formal care. He who would report that message as Dante would have it reported should be systematic in plan, appropriate in detail, choice in imagery, and measured in diction. Bishop Carpenter's pages are repetitious in the extreme; certain ideas and groups of ideas are forced upon the reader with such frequency that resentment tends to cancel acquiescence. Irrelevant digressions and *exempla* abound, particularly in the first two lectures. The cold hands of William Pitt, Masson's portrait of Shakespeare, the disinterment of Rossetti's poems, the misfortunes of Jim Bowker, the "exercises" at Nauheim—what have these to do with the spiritual message of Dante? With regard to Dante's description of his emotion on first meeting Beatrice we are told that "it is all most true; but the emotion felt was emotion, as it were, in the cradle; the emotion described is emotion which is struggling out of the cradle, but the baby is the same." Elsewhere occurs this figure: "I am not attributing these thoughts to Dante, though they are the outcome of one of those pregnant fragments of thought which Dante has left hanging, as it were, on the hedges of the way along which his pilgrim feet have trod." Again we have: "The Florentine school rose to a higher level, and founded a school of love which bore the shield of a lofty purity"; "at the summit we meet those who are not so much sinners as those who lacked the help of Christianity." For phrasing such as this the "De vulgari eloquentia" has stern adjectives.

The student of Dante will be annoyed, moreover, by a considerable number of loose statements and downright errors. "There is a studied reserve in his writings: he does not darken sanctities with song." Darken, no; but did any other poet ever so illumine them? "The spirit of Dante's age saw woman as one might behold a glorious vision." Rather, the spirit of Dante and a very few poet-comrades. For the spirit of Dante's age, see the "Decameron." "It [the "Divine Comedy"] is not a work in which a great poet's vivid imagination plays over a theme of worldwide interest." But it is precisely such a work, and none the less so because at the same time "it is a personal record." Dante never watched the slow growth of Giotto's tower; the rise of the Provençal lyric is not the romantic movement; sins of impulse do not "grow into sins of wilfulness" in the Styx; Caina, not Caino, awaited Gianciotto; Aeolus did not cease to be a god when he let out the winds; there is but one angel in the boat of the redeemed; there was no local pride in Dante's inquiry if there were any *anima latina* among the envious; the two words "Agnus Dei" did not make up the whole prayer of the wrathful; it was not the *works* of Statius that Juvenal brought to Limbo; Guido Guinizelli was not a Provençal poet.

The book is well printed, and the illustrations are excellent.

THE NEW REALISM.

The Concept of Consciousness. By Edwin B. Holt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

The volume before us, from the pen of a Harvard professor, is the latest production of the school of philosophers known as the new realism. The present volume hardly disturbs the impression that the main purpose of the school is to administer a refreshing shock of scandal to a bored philosophical world by parading a contemptuous disregard for all existing philosophy, along with an obsequious deference to natural science and mathematics. Mr. Holt's special brand of realism belongs in general with the airy mathematical Platonism (in Mr. Holt rather Neoplatonic) of Mr. Bertrand Russell, whose magnificent manner he seems to imitate in his style. But he lacks the Jovian self-assurance of Mr. Russell, his tone is often petulant and shrill, and his repetitious emphasis upon the finally "neutral" character of all "entities" betrays a certain sense of hollowness.

Mr. Holt's theory of consciousness is an elaboration of the theory of James embodied in the essay "Does Consciousness Exist?" which may be said to have begotten the new realism. James's point (by no means new in the history of philosophy) is that when I perceive, say, a tree, experience reveals but one tree, which is at the same time a real tree, having an objective existence in the material world, and a subjectively perceived tree belonging to the order of ideas in my mind, each according to the order, or "context," in which it is placed. Thus the "entity" tree, in Mr. Holt's terminology, is "neutral"; and "consciousness," on the one hand, and "matter," on the other, are but different configurations of neutral entities. For Mr. Holt, however, consciousness is an order determined by the relation of these to the nervous system. It is "that cross-section of the realm of being to which the organism specifically responds." Consciousness is therefore a mere relation, and logically, it would seem, not a more significant relation (if we may now speak of significance) than a cross-section of the world determined by reference to the dog-star or to my lead-pencil. As for the fact of error, Mr. Holt boldly takes the bull by the horns and puts error into the objective world. He does the same with volition. Knowledge of the past *is* past, *i. e.*, knowledge of the first century is, as far as it goes, identical with the first century; in the character of knowledge, it is simply the first century mutilated. Here, for convenience, he assumes that the nervous system can get in touch with an object without the intervention of sense-organs, the contrary notion being relegated to "the mind of the hod-carrier" or of the idealistic philosopher. And as for knowledge of the future, well, "If most persons know more of the past than of the future, it is chiefly because they do not take the trouble to look at the future" (253). This sounds as if the relational theory of consciousness were in desperate straits; and the impression is confirmed by a number of passages (187, 202, 209) in which empirical evidence is offered to show that consciousness "depends upon" the nervous system. Such statements, if they mean anything, must mean that consciousness is not fully defined by the relation of dependence itself.

Not less remarkable than the concept of consciousness is the concept of the "neutral entities" which constitute the "being" of consciousness and matter alike. The stuff of which they are composed—rather, the stuff which they are—is something which Mr. Holt calls "logic." And "logic" is created by the simple expedient, borrowed from the mathematicians, of affirming without argument—as axiomatic, perhaps—the highly debatable theory of real classes, *i. e.*, that the classes of things constitute an eternal order which is independent of any purpose of classification. The neutral entities then form a hierarchy of "logical" classes. Their neutrality is secured by the equally simple expedient of attributing subjective qualities to objective things and objective qualities to subjective things. Thus a collision of bodies is called a "contradiction" of propositions, and propositions are said to be "active" (in a sense not defined) and, we might say, to "do things" to terms.

From this it would seem that the neutral entities, instead of being "neutral" and having the qualities *neither* of consciousness nor of matter, have all the qualities of both; and, further, that consciousness and

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matter have each all the qualities possessed by the other. What becomes, then, of the relational distinction of consciousness and matter, is not at all clear. Nor, we imagine, is it clear to Mr. Holt. We have to thank Mr. Holt for much that is stimulating, some of it amusing. "Never," however, writes Mr. Santayana, with this book before him, "was a group of thinkers so sophisticated and so ill-educated"; and never, we might add, have academicians set before the world a philosophy so half-baked. In following the derivation of entities through the deductive order of being, algebra, geometry, mass, physics, chemistry, material things, life, mind, the social sciences, and value (a unified nomenclature seems unattainable), we are reminded at once of the fantastic gnosticisms of the second century and of the amateur systems of philosophy that sometimes reach us from the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Notes

"A Modern View of Christ" is announced for publication early this month by Henry Holt & Company.

B. W. Huebsch announces the publication of "The Death of a Nobody," by Jules Romains; "Tales of Two Countries," by Maxim Gorky, and "Tid'apa," by Gilbert Frankau.

The Oxford University Press announces the immediate publication of the following pamphlets: "The Germans: Their Empire and How They Have Made It," and "The Germans: What They Covet," by C. R. L. Fletcher; "Just for a Scrap of Paper," by Arthur Hassall; "Bacilli and Bullets," by Sir William Osler; "A Reply to the German Address to Evangelical Christians."

The following volumes are included in the autumn list of the J. B. Lippincott Company: "A Woman in China," by Mary Gaunt; "The True Ulysses S. Grant," by Gen. Charles King; "The Life of Napoleon," by Major Arthur Griffiths; "The Celebrated Madame Campan," by Violette M. Montagu; "London," by Sir Laurence L. Gomme; "Colonial Mansions of Maryland and Delaware," by John Martin Hammond; "Our Philadelphia," by Elizabeth Robins and Joseph Pennell; "The Mystery of the Oriental Rug," by G. Griffin Lewis; "Stories from the Operas," by Gladys Davidson; "The Book Fancier," by Percy Fitzgerald. In fiction the list includes: "The Three Furlongers," by Sheila Kaye-Smith; "The Ward of Tecumseh," by Crittenden Marriott; "The Duke of Oblivion," by John Reed Scott; "Wild Mustard," by William Jasper Nicolls; "Betty's Virginia Christmas," by Molly Elliot Seawell.

The importations in the autumn list of the Macmillan Company include a new volume of "Essays," by Lord Cromer; "Joachim Correspondence," translated by N. M. Bickley; "Essays of Addison," chosen and edited with a memoir and a few notes by J. G. Frazer; "Enchanted Tulips and Other Verses for Children," by A. E. and M. Keary; "General Index to the Golden Bough Series," by James G. Frazer.

For reasons that need not be enumerated the Brontë sisters have recently become the chosen field for every kind of wild surmise, and there is a real place for so well-informed and, on the whole, so judicious a study as Mrs. Ellis Chadwick's "In the Footsteps of the Brontës" (Brentano's; $3.75 net). In construction her work is bad, sinning especially by continuous repetitions which render the book tedious reading. But her knowledge of the literature, a confused mass, is minute, and she has been able to correct Mr. Shorter and Miss Sinclair, to name the two most exalted Brontëists, in many less important details, and has brought a saner judgment to bear on the important matter of interpreting human nature. Since Miss Sinclair's rhapsody on "The Three Brontës" (see the *Nation*, January 30, 1913, p. 104), in which she uttered what may almost be called a shriek of protest against those who would hint that so wonderful a creature as Charlotte had fallen in love with M. Heger or so vast a feminine genius had been seriously influenced by a mere man, the four letters of Charlotte to her "master," printed in the London *Times* of July 29, 1913, have come like a thunderbolt to clear the air of murky conjecture. Mrs. Chadwick had known of these letters before their publication, and had even corresponded with the Heger family in regard to the propriety of publishing them. They are now used by her to substantiate her theory that Charlotte's work was all determined by that one profound experience in Brussels.

Possibly Mrs. Chadwick goes a little too far in her own thesis, and certainly there is slender evidence to suppose that Emily was strongly influenced by M. Heger. But the chief flaw in her estimation of the three sisters is one she shares with those critics with whom in other respects she so violently differs. Since Swinburne's heated eulogy of Emily, in 1894, there has been almost a conspiracy to exalt the author of "Wuthering Heights" at the expense of Charlotte. Now Mrs. Chadwick not only accepts this critical theory (in itself very doubtful; for there is reason to expect that taste will again swing away from the present hysterical praise of Emily's novel to a better estimation of the solid greatness of "Jane Eyre"), but she makes her literary task the occasion of belittling Charlotte's personal character relatively to that of the other two sisters and Branwell. Charlotte may not have loved children, and she may have been an uneasy person to live with, but she had, we think, more stability of character than her present biographer credits her with. For the rest those interested in the lives of the Haworth family will find all the details studied here with almost exasperating minuteness. But the book is for the reader who is already somewhat immersed in the recent Brontë literature. To such a reader it can be recommended very heartily.

To the general reader, the most interesting passage in "The Life of John Edward Ellis, M.P.," by Arthur Tilney Bassett (Macmillan; $2.50 net), will be the four pages of description of Gladstone's Home Rule speech of 1886. This was given in a letter of Mr. Ellis to his wife, and, without taking up the points of the speech in detail, it carries one along in such a way as to convey the impression of the speech, together with its effect from time to time upon its hearers. Mr. Ellis has an eye for the theatrical also, as when he notes: "The tension of mind growing at times almost painful was relieved just now by one of those incidents people might call ominous. Bringing his hand down twice with rapid gestures, Mr. Gladstone struck, not the familiar box, but the Mace, which emitted a ringing sound and seemed to totter on its supports. Men whispered to one another 'the bauble,' and tittered." The subject of this biography was a Friend, or Quaker, who represented Rushcliffe in Parliament continuously for a quarter of a century. In the course of this service, he declined to allow his name to be presented for Speaker, but was chosen by John Morley as his Under Secretary for India and became a Privy Councillor. Lord Bryce contributes the preface.

From some twenty thousand extant love-letters of Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo, two or three hundred have been edited, with a biographical introduction, by Louis Guimbaud, and translated into English by Lady Theodora Davidson ("Love Letters of Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo." McBride, Nast; $2.50). The letters cover a connection of fifty years' duration, throughout the course of which the beautiful third-rate actress, with a shady past and an illegitimate child, was faithful in thought and word and deed. Hugo put a stop to her career on the stage, where her good looks might have carried her far, secluded her from the world, never allowed her to forget her history, and, that he might know her every thought, ordered her to write to him at least twice a day, though they met almost as often. The letters give us the embarrassing spectacle of a grand passion. Juliette washed Hugo's shirts, forgave his infidelities, adored his "little feet," and was the humble servant of his wife and children. The biography is well put together, and the translation reads smoothly.

Belief that a problem is insoluble is an unusual reason for writing a book about it, but in the preface to "Democracy and Race Friction" (Macmillan; $1.25 net) Dr. John Moffatt Macklin confesses his conviction of the insolubility of the race question. Naturally, his book is in part a description, in part an explanation of the causes, of the situation. Its effect is that of a collection of essays rather than a unified volume. The same points appear in different chapters. The author has read widely and thought carefully, but gets nowhere. One of his best chapters is on The Philosophy of the Color Line, the conclusion of which shows his idea of the way things are going in this country: "It is doubtless true," he says, "that in spite of fifty years of freedom, the negro, especially in the South, enjoys as a race fewer points of contact with the white and is less an integral part of the social order than he was in the days of slavery." At another place he remarks: "The negro is on trial and the issue is largely in his own hands." But this view is contradicted by the whole tone of the book. Upon certain points he is illuminating, as that of the position of the educated mulatto, but the book, despite its scholarship, has an effect of superficiality.

"Voyage aux Etats-Unis de l'Amérique, 1793-1798," by Moreau de Saint-Méry, edited with an introduction and notes by Stewart L. Mims (Yale University Press; $2.50 net), now for the first time published in full, is an his-

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torical document of considerable value. Upon the accession to power of Robespierre, in 1793, Moreau, who had incurred his enmity in the Constituent Assembly, fled to Normandy, and in November sailed from Havre for the United States, landing at Norfolk in March, 1794. Here he remained about two months as shipping agent for a French firm, and then went to New York, where poverty compelled him to work as a shipping clerk. At New York he made the acquaintance of De La Roche, a German nobleman, and in October the two opened a book-shop and printing-office in Philadelphia, where Moreau remained for nearly four years. The business was not prosperous, but the shop became a rendezvous for literary people and French refugees. Moreau himself published during this period his two well-known works on San Domingo, besides two lesser books, and was an active member of the American Philosophical Society. Here Talleyrand found him in May, 1794, and from October, 1795, until June, 1796, when Talleyrand returned to Europe, the two men saw each other daily. In 1798, however, the hostility to Frenchmen brought Moreau under the proscription of the Alien Act, and in August he set sail for France.

The manuscript now printed was prepared for publication by Moreau. Margry found it in the Colonial Archives, and Pichot used small portions of it in his "Souvenirs Intimes sur Talleyrand," published in 1870. Pichot's extracts have also been used by Moreau's biographers. In preparing the work for publication, Moreau added to the journal references to a number of later events, together with long descriptions of New York, Brooklyn and Long Island, and Philadelphia. Not much of importance escaped his notice, and the student of American manners, morals, trade, prices, and the like will find these pages entertaining and informing. Professor Mims has reproduced the original text entire, save for an unimportant and imperfect description of the Schuylkill bridge, which Moreau translated from an English account; and has added some useful notes, a sketch of Moreau's life, and an index.

Ireland has been generally neglected by the students of witchcraft. Indeed, it has enjoyed, and to some extent deserved, the reputation of freedom from the delusion which raged so long and fiercely in other parts of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant. But there are a few sparse records of trials and persecutions which show that the superstition was not unknown on the island, and that it exhibited there most of its familiar phases. These pieces of testimony Mr. St. John D. Seymour has undertaken to gather together, and they have furnished him the material for an interesting little volume, "Irish Witchcraft and Demonology" (Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Co.; $1.50). Though the work contributes not much that is new to the theory or description of witchcraft, it is of value in piecing out the history of the superstition. In addition to the familiar case of Dame Alice Kyteler (of the year 1324), Mr. Seymour has collected about a dozen definite instances of witches in Ireland, most of whom were brought to formal trial. To eke out this somewhat scanty material he has included one Irish-American witch, the well-known Mrs. Glover, described in Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," who was hanged in 1688. Since she insisted on using the Gaelic language in her testimony, much to the inconvenience of the court, she has a special claim to be reckoned among Irish witches. Mather, it may be remembered, records his regret that he had not learning enough to understand her without an interpreter—surely one of the earliest expressions of interest in Celtic linguistics on the part of an American scholar!

Many matters not strictly to be included under the definition of witchcraft, though in a broad way germane to the subject, are treated by Mr. Seymour. Tales of magic and of prophecy, of compacts with the devil, of ghosts and other apparitions, and of spectral evidence, are all introduced to illustrate the state of mind of the Irish people at various periods, and to show that the scarcity of witches was at all events not due to any unreadiness to believe in the supernatural or the uncanny. Particularly interesting to folklorists, and perhaps rather peculiar in the history of "Sadducism," is the almost indistinguishable mixture of the conceptions of witchcraft with the native Celtic fairy-lore, of which Mr. Seymour gives ample illustration. While the book is not heavily *dokumentiert,* it nevertheless appears to be trustworthy in the presentation of records. The author, too, shows a sufficient general acquaintance with the history of witchcraft and kindred subjects, though his statements are naturally here and there open to discussion. His references to James I, "that keen witch-hunter," for example, suggest that he has not pondered Professor Kittredge's defence of the royal demonologist in the volume of "Studies in the History of Religion," dedicated to Prof. C. H. Toy.

Another volume of the Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia has appeared ("Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia." 1695-1696, 1696-1697, 1698, 1699, 1700-1702. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.), and it is presumed that one more volume will complete the series. The editor states that the text of these journals has been obtained from transcripts of copies in the English Public Record Office: "No copy of any one of these journals has come to light elsewhere." As is well known to those familiar with this publication, the work has been published chronologically backwards, so that, at last, we begin to see the end. "The journals *in their entirety* appear for the first time in print in the present volume. The spelling, punctuation, capitalization, etc., of the manuscript journals in the English Public Record Office have been faithfully followed, even in the abbreviations"; so that we shall soon have a complete printed record from the beginning. Can any State show a record comparable to this of the first State, which was settled in 1607? The journals in this volume extend from April 18, 1695, to August 28, 1702. Queen Mary died on December 28, 1694, and "for six years England had been engaged in that great war with France which England's allies—Holland, Spain, Austria, Sweden, Savoy, the Palatinate, Bavaria, and Saxony—had been waging since 1688." The contrast to the present condition of things is interesting.

The record of the session of April 18 to May 18, 1695, may be taken as typical. Virginia at this time consisted of twenty-three counties and one city, and the Assembly transacted its business by means of three standing committees—Elections and Privileges, Public Claims, and Propositions and Grievances. The Governor's speech at the first session of 1695 was concerned with the commands he had received from the King and Queen, namely, that he should send assistance to New York, should fit out vessels to see that the Navigation acts were not violated, that suitable salaries should be fixed by law for ministers, and that he should encourage the establishment of William and Mary College, which had been chartered in 1693. He also stated that, on account of Indian incursions, he found it necessary to continue the rangers on the frontiers, and he recommended that the money to be raised by the poll tax should be lessened by the imposition of a duty on liquors. The address of the House to the Governor argued that the Colony was in no condition to send assistance to New York; that the fitting-out of armed vessels to cruise along the coast was a question which the Lords of the Treasury expected the Governor to handle without recourse to the General Assembly; that the clergy were already sufficiently provided for, and that there was no occasion at that time for the Assembly to do anything further for William and Mary College. The promise was made that the law as to the rangers should be re-enacted, and that the Governor's suggestion as to taxing imported liquors should be carried out. The address on the question of assisting New York did not please the Governor and Council, and they were able to persuade the members of the House to recommend £500 for the purpose. This act was made discretionary with the Governor and Council, the object of the proviso being to keep the money at home if, at the time of the application, Virginia's need appeared great. In general, the proceedings of the Assembly are characterized by similar disputes with the Governor and the Council, attended sometimes with more, sometimes with less, acerbity. The present volume, however, closes on a more placid note, for when we come to the final session here recorded, that of August 14-28, 1702, relations have been somewhat ameliorated—possibly because the Governor and the Council had differences of their own—and in the Governor's speeches and messages there is an absence of the rather irritable insistence on giving advice that marked many of his previous addresses. There was a change of Governorship in 1698, Colonel—later Sir Francis—Nicholson succeeding Sir Edmund Andros, but the disputes appear to have been inherent in the office.

The trip to western China and southeastern Tibet, which inspired F. Kingdon Ward's volume, "The Land of the Blue Poppy" (Putnam), was a commercial one, made in the interests of a horticultural firm; the area explored was very limited, a small rectangle at the junction of Burma, Yunnan, and Tibet, and the narrative is in the form of a daily journal, with the dates omitted. Instead, however, of combining to dull the interest of the reader, these factors unite in making the book one of the most enjoyable that have been produced on central Asian exploration. The author has a simplicity of style and directness of diction which produce very vivid pictures. In a word, this is a very well-written volume, pervaded by the pleasant personality of a Shanghai school-teacher, who, besides being a keen observer, has a sense of

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humor, and displays tact and sympathy in his relations with the natives. The region is little known, and of especial interest, owing to its border position, which will make it the scene of much activity in future history. People and plants may be said to be the dominant subjects of Mr. Ward's book, and there are interesting discussions on the remarkable meteorological conditions of the region. Excellent photographs, and text on dull-finished paper make the volume attractive, and several botanical and other appendices and a full index add to its value for purposes of reference.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A figure of interest in the present upsetting wars is Paul Claudel, the French poet, whose work has been explained in several recent numbers of the *Nation*. At the outbreak, he was at his post as Consul-General of France in Hamburg. The sudden stop put to all railway and navigation service made it difficult for him to leave, and, as is known from other examples, the Imperial Government did not furnish facilities for travelling homeward to the representatives of the countries with which it was beginning war. His friends were becoming uneasy at receiving no news from Consul Claudel, when it was learned that he had made his way by himself into Denmark. He finally arrived in France, and at once took his place in the army. It must have been with a pang of regret that he shouldered this new enmity, for he had been greatly appreciated in Germany, where "Claudelian' societies existed for the study of his poetry, like the Browning societies of America. Perhaps his work is destined to the same cosmopolitan existence as himself.

Paul Claudel is forty-six years old, and is a native of that part of France "where the champagne chalk meets the ploughlands of Soissons"—the region now trampled by German armies. From a Paris college he went to prepare for the Foreign Office at the famous Ecole des Sciences Politiques, where there have always been American students. At twenty-one he published his first play—"Tête d'Or"—violent, mystic, and without a trace of the circumambient symbolism. He frequented Mallarmé, without enlisting in any of the literary schools which were then following each other kaleidoscopically in Young France. At twenty-five he left for his Consular service in the United States, of which there is a reminiscence in the American of his drama, "L'Echange"—the almighty dollar finding the unbuyable. Thence he was transferred to China, and was there for many years an authority in the international problems of troublous times. He came back to Europe at forty, for yet another race experience as French Consul in Prague and Frankfort, and last in the important post of Hamburg. All this exotic living has left its traces in his literary work, but his life has been that of a man, and not mere literature.

Paul Claudel's person breathes in air of robust health, with square head and clear, deep-sunken eyes, large-browed, and broad-shouldered. His haversack books are the Bible and a volume of Thomas Aquinas and "radiant Pindar." At Fou-tcheou, in China, he printed his translation of Æschylus's "Agamemnon," proof-read by himself from the hand printing-press of Widow Rosario—a curious pendant to Kipling's less difficult Indian editions. Paul Claudel has caught wonderfully the strong movement of

> The fire that from the height of Ida sent
> Its streaming light, as from th' announcing flame
> Torch blazed to torch.

Yet, when all this exotic quality has been allowed for in his work—Greek and Chinese, American, English, and German—its essential spirit is that which he promises to his child born out of due space:

> For thy baptism three bells wait in the tower where they rang for thy father—
> At ten of the clock when the garden is fragrant and every bird sings in French!

When the new Pope Benedict XV made his first apparition at the inner balcony of St. Peter's, to bless the myriads kneeling on the church pave below, it was visible that the sleeve of his white robe was pinned round his lean arm at the wrist. The Vatican tailor has explained. As the Pope's blessing is given immediately after the election, the tailor provides beforehand three robes in as many sizes, so that one of them may more or less fit the new Pontiff. Now the Pope is little and thin to a degree not foreseen even in the third and least *zimarra* of those prepared. The name of the robe, in varying orthography subject to Grimm's laws, may be traced through many centuries of our own literature.

Science

The subjects of the biographies in Prof. Howard A. Kelly's "Some American Medical Botanists" (Troy, N. Y.: The Southworth Company) have had their names associated with the generic or the specific name of some plant; and since the list runs from early times to the present, the author has had abundant opportunity to gather and present a great amount of interesting material. The work has evidently been a labor of love in the moments of relaxation in a busy professional life; hence the treatment is throughout sympathetic rather than critical. The illustrations are excellent, and will enrich the library of any botanist.

Professor Curtis, of Columbia University, in the "Nature and Development of Plants" (Holt), gives to the elementary student of botany an admirable guide to the subject. He has been successful in simplifying the terminology, and he has thus freed the volume from many deterrent features. Moreover, he has interwoven a good deal of practical matter which will prove both useful and interesting. The work is obviously to be used in connection with a thorough lecture course, supplementing the text, and with laboratory practice. Many of the illustrations are new and are worthy of high commendation, although a few of them need a little more explanatory text. Doubtless, this additional information would always be supplied by the teacher. It is gratifying to notice that this volume is now in its thir edition.

In "Making Fences, Walls, and Hedges" (McBride, Nast; 50 cents net), W. H. Butterfield gives most useful information. Fences, whether of wood, iron, or wire, have a right and a wrong way of being made. Gates, correctly weighted, are a specialty in themselves. Walls of stone, brick, concrete, and a combination of two or more of these materials receive attention in a separate chapter. The author gives a valuable estimate of the approximate cost of the different materials used in both fences and walls. The last chapter, on hedges, is most interesting. It shows their advantages and disadvantages, tells how to plant them and how and when to prune them, and enumerates a large variety of hedges in tabular form with the characteristics of each.

For twenty years it was Professor Slingerland's work as assistant entomologist at Cornell University Experiment Station to make special study of the insect problems met by New York State fruit growers. Some of the results were published by the station in bulletins, but a mass of valuable material still remained unpublished. It was with the idea of getting this additional information into shape so that it could be read and used by farmers that Professor Slingerland in the last months of his life and in spite of rapidly failing health worked devotedly in a vain attempt to complete the volume before us—"Manual of Fruit Insects," by Mark Vernon Slingerland and Cyrus Richard Crosby, edited by L. H. Bailey (Macmillan, $2). After his death it fell to Professor Crosby to collect and combine into a consecutive whole the copious unpublished notes. The outcome is a volume of nearly five hundred pages in which the more important insects injurious to deciduous fruits are concisely described and the main facts given relative to their distribution, life-history, and habits, the nature and extent of the injuries they inflict, and the means of control. The numerous illustrations are mostly from Professor Slingerland's own photographs, and the various references at the end of the discussion of each insect indicate where the reader may find still further material bearing on this important study. When one reads that the minor pests have not had even honorable mention in this insect manual, and nevertheless finds that the destructive insects mentioned total something over two hundred, one is inclined to think that if kindly old Cowper had had an orchard he would not have written so sadly about dropping from his calling list "the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." In fact, even a cursory study of these pests in their various forms is sufficient to convert one to a Tackleton frame of mind towards all creeping and flying insects, and make one promptly "scrunch 'em, *so*."

Business men are beginning to find that "it pays" to safeguard the lives and health of workers, to give them light, fresh air, sanitation, education, incentive to better themselves, and many employers will welcome the appearance of Prof. W. Gilman Thompson's book, "The Occupational Diseases" (Appleton), as the first comprehensive treatise on this subject by an American authority. Dr. Thompson's book is plentifully illustrated, and quotes many authorities. Symptoms, treatment, and prevention of a long list of diseases are treated in detail, and the hazards of various occupations clearly stated. The general pathology and etiology of the subject are followed by a chapter on general remedial measures, in which the section on prophylaxis is very complete and of great assistance to all workers in this field. The various appendices summarize a large part of the subject-matter of the book in tabulated form, as well as the main provisions of existing laws relative to the reporting of occupational diseases by physicians.

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Drama and Music

"THE MIRACLE MAN."

Mr. George M. Cohan's dramatization, now running at the Astor Theatre, of Frank L. Packard's novel, "The Miracle Man," is of interest mainly because of the comparison which it invites with a play on a similar subject by the late William Vaughn Moody. "The Faith Healer," like the present piece, attempts to set forth dramatically the work of a miracle man. Readers of the *Nation* will recall Mr. Moody's rich characterization of the young shepherd who wrought wonders in a household in the Middle West, how the author was concerned chiefly with the shifting moods of his central character—the doubts and fears of Michaelis concerning his power, his enthusiasm and despair, his temptation at the bidding of love to become an ordinary mortal, and his final triumph. One will not have forgotten, either, the wealth of contrast and variation which the theme receives from surrounding personages. There is the Rev. Mr. Culpepper denouncing from his stronghold of orthodoxy the miracles as blasphemous; there is Dr. Littlefield's explanation of them as merely the workings of natural forces, and there is the buoyant symbolism exhaling from eloquent diction. "The Faith Healer" is the product of an author possessed of fine subtlety, as well as an acquaintance with fundamental human traits. Though Mr. Moody could not articulate what his play signifies, even dramatically, he at least conveyed the impression that the theme was placed on a worthy dramatic plane.

Yet "The Faith Healer," for whatever reason, met with small success. Mr. Cohan has produced a play which, measured by most of Mr. Moody's standards, is almost laughable; and, if one may judge by the attitude of his audiences, has achieved a success. The reason for the success is to be found not in any accumulation of sensational material, sensational, that is, in the accepted sense today. The only emphasis upon sex is seen in a repentant Magdalen, who can be matched by Mr. Moody's similar Rhoda. Moreover, the setting is a peaceful little village. The plot is simple in the extreme. A patriarch of Needley, Maine, is skilled in the faith cure. A man of righteous life, he has only one sadness, a yearning to have by him his sole relative, a grandniece whom he has never seen. This is opening enough for a crook from New York, who summons two of his pals and arranges that the girl with whom he has been living shall pass herself off as the niece. The point of the scheme is this: The patriarch, who has refused hitherto to accept pay for his services, can be induced to take it for the sake of his niece. This duly happens, and, aided by the impostors, who publish throughout the country an account of the benefits which they and others have received, the business rolls up to enormous figures.

Now comes the surprise. Beginning with the girl, who even at the start was not insensible of the charm and love of the patriarch, all four rogues at length succumb and are regenerated. But the patriarch has suddenly died. Was he aware of their trickery? "Oh, I hope he was," cries the girl in anguish, revealing an unsuspected depth in her nature.

The patriarch himself is but a *motif*, and as played by William Thompson, is fleshless. Even with the empty lines assigned to him, an actor of Mr. Thompson's standing might have done more than he did, though it is clear that the dramatic interest has been intentionally centred in other characters. And therein undoubtedly lies the popularity of the work. To most audiences a study of a faith healer will seem a bit of special psychology—which would have been the case with even Mr. Kennedy's Servant in the House if he had not been richly set off by other characters—whereas the effect of the seemingly supernatural upon normal people is a phenomenon with which all are familiar. To do the one thing very significantly would require a Shakespeare; the other problem does not demand extraordinary powers.

With so much said, "The Miracle Man" may be dismissed lightly. These rogues are crudely drawn, though to our thinking they do not exceed the bounds of credibility. George Nash was well picked for the arch offender, "Doc" Garfield, and Gail Kane, save for an elongated slouch, was attractive as the girl.

F.

"THE HAWK."

William Faversham will undoubtedly score a considerable popular success at the Shubert Theatre with "The Hawk," the new vehicle with which he has elected to celebrate his return from Shakesperean rôles to the modern drama, in which he first made his reputation. "The Hawk," from the French of Francis de Croisset, translated by Marie Zane Taylor and adapted and staged by Mr. Faversham, is by no means a great play; indeed, though described as "a drama of modern French life," it might as well be a drama of contemporary life in any age or country, for it is simply old-fashioned melodrama, redeemed from the banal by a touch of novelty in the handling of the theme. There is our old friend, the gentlemanly adventurer, who lives by his skill with the cards, and, on being found out, reveals the real nobility of his nature, and there is the love interest centred in a somewhat etherialized triangle.

Count George de Dasetta, the Hawk, infatuated with his wife, first takes to fleecing his friends at the card table in order that he may provide her with the pretty gewgaws that her soul loves, and even leads her to act as his confederate. But Marina, the wife, meets a platonic affinity in the person of René de Tierrache, and is influenced by his high idealism to desire a better way of life. She appeals to her husband to end it all, but it is too late; they are on the toboggan and cannot stop. Then she tells him that René has caught them cheating, but will not expose them. This is a powerful scene, and the situations leading to the climax are well worked up. There is only one reason that could make René spare them, and, accused by her husband, Marina confesses that the love of René and herself, though still pure, has ceased to be platonic. De Dasetta solves the difficulty by disappearing, and in the last act we find René and Marina, assisted by a *deus ex machina* in the person of an American millionaire, Eric Drakon, searching for the absent De Dasetta in order that he may, in accordance with French law, give his consent to a divorce. Of course he turns up opportunely, penniless and addicted to morphine, and the surprise of the play, well maintained until the very end, comes when Marina, moved by his condition and his unselfish love for her, decides, after all, to cast in her lot with him.

The machinery of the play creaks badly; exits and entrances are arbitrarily arranged, but the psychology of the ending is interesting, and the admirable acting of Mr. Faversham as De Dasetta, and of Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat as Marina, ably seconded by Mr. Frank Losee's Drakon, are sufficient to insure the success of the piece. In Mlle. Dorziat Mr. Faversham introduces to the American stage an actress of unusual talent and technical finish that is delightful to see. Mr. Conway Tearle's Hamletesque interpretation of René might perhaps be a little less sombre, but it is adequate.

S. W.

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE."

"It Pays to Advertise," by Messrs. Megrue and Hackett, now on exhibition at Cohan's Theatre, is an amusing and meritorious play in its kind—a farce of considerable point and sparkle, skilfully done. The central idea of the piece—a rich father inciting his lazy son to labor by entering into collusion with a girl whom the son loves and whom the father apparently opposes—does not sound particularly promising or new. But in the treatment it becomes fresh, enjoyable, and not without its novelty, because the authors have connected the motive with the psychology of advertising—which has much interest in a country where the art and business of advertisement is at home. Behind the story there is thus a thought about life; not a deep or big one, to be sure, but still a thought, and this is particularly commendable in a farce, in that it is just the type of play where an idea is most likely to be wanting.

The theme is handled with decided ingenuity as to construction. The situations are well managed, with an eye to proper gradations, and those who have an eye to technique will recognize the neat use of counterplot: the son, planning to get the best of the father, is in turn plotted against, and various changes are rung on this involvement. The final act—that particular danger spot to the dramatist—sustains the interest and contains some of the best work of the play. If act one seems a trifle long, it can hardly be said to contain superfluous material. The situations are cleverly effected, and the dialogue for rapid-fire idiom and the contemporary note is excellent. The characterization, too, is clean cut and happily contrasted, this being particularly true of the two young men whose attempts to boom the market with 13 soap as business rivals of the father of one of them furnish the action of the play. Rodney the son is slow, simple, uninventive; Peale, his advertising partner, quick, slangy, and resourceful. They make admirable foils to each other. The refreshingly clean tone and genial humanity of the drama make one regret all the more a lugged-in bit of telephone business in the third act; it is quite out of key and gets but a cheap laugh at the best.

The only character that perhaps transcends the justifiable license of farce is that of the alleged French Countess so capitally played by Louise Drew. One hesitates to say it when so much is done with the part, but this young woman is too much for credence when surrounded with such a believable group of people. But she is great fun as played by Miss Drew, whose fluent manipulation of French is good to hear. The playing of the others is expert, and a good all-round performance the

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result. Notably is this true of Mr. Cope, as the irascible, shrewd, kindly father. Will Deming's Peale, the irrepressible genius of publicity, has the proper gusto and bonhomie, and Grant Mitchell's Rodney, which in the first act threatened at times to be underplayed, grew steadily in excellence as the character developed. A word of approval also goes to Miss Shepley for a very natural and vivacious performance as Ruth. R. B.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra seems to have been the only American organization seriously affected by the war, and even that not sufficiently to jeopardize its season, as was at first feared to be the case. The other leading orchestras of the country, such as the New York Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, lost only two or three players each, and the New York Symphony announces that none of its members were liable for military service. Saslavsky will continue to be the concert master; Barrère, first flute; Langenus, first clarinet; Renard, first 'cellist. The only newcomer is Henri de Busscher, formerly first oboe of the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London, and, previous to that, of the Ysaye Orchestra in Brussels.

Louise Homer, Yvonne de Tréville, the New York Vocal Quartet, and Mme. Schumann-Heink will be heard in recital or concert before the end of the year under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, at the Academy of Music. Julia Culp will be heard in January, and Emilio de Gogorza in February. The Brooklyn Oratorio Society is expected to give "The Messiah." The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Carl Muck, will give its usual series of concerts, while the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, announces a series of four concerts, and another series of five for young people, both with prominent soloists. There will also be violin and piano recitals by prominent soloists and a series of lectures on musical topics, including five by Louis C. Elson, who will talk on the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

One of the leading Chicago critics, Glenn Dillard Gunn, has sheathed his pen and taken in hand the bâton, with the special object of popularizing American music. Last season he led the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (founded by Theodore Thomas) in two concerts with American programmes, and on both occasions Orchestra Hall was virtually sold out. Two more concerts will be given this season. At the first, on November 2, the principal work to be played is the first MacDowell concerto, in the revised edition published by Breitkopf & Härtel. The soloist is to be chosen by competitive examination, the winner receiving a cash prize of $200, awarded by Charles G. Dawes. There is an amusing significance in rule four for this contest: "Judges will be chosen from representative musicians of Chicago, *pianists excepted.*"

Maud Powell will begin her tour on October 12. It will cover the country from coast to coast, from North to South. Her success is the more remarkable, inasmuch as, like Kreisler, she makes no concessions to a supposed demand for trash. She has found that most audiences really do not like so-called "popular" programmes. At the same time, "American audiences do not care for long, introspective things. Some sort of poetic or dramatic point is necessary—the music must paint a picture."

Art

Prof. W. Dörpfeld continued during this season his excavations in the vicinity of the recently discovered Temple of the Gorgon at Corfu, and some important finds were made. Of these the most interesting are large red terracotta fragments which, apparently, formed the gutter ledge running along the temple roof above the metopes and triglyphs. There are traces on them of a continuous pattern of leaves and rosettes which resembles the pattern upon Etruscan terracottas. Two tiles have also been found inscribed "ΕΠΙ ΔΙΟΝ" and "ΕΠΙ ΑΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΔΩΡΟΥ." The theory is that they were baked during the Prytaneia of Dionysias and Asklepiodoros. Professor Dörpfeld has also been searching upon Cape Kephali for further traces of the prehistoric settlement found there last year.

The epoch-making discoveries of the Bronze Age sites of Crete have been of such absorbing interest both to archæologists and to the public that it is little wonder that the succeeding period—the early Iron Age—with its monotonous geometric style, should have been rather neglected. But this period, though artistically uninspired, is historically of great importance. For it represents the link between the Minoan age and that of classical Greece; and it is only by gleaning all the evidence at our disposal that we can obtain more knowledge of the series of Northern invasions which swept away the great Minoan power and resulted finally in the establishment of historic Hellas. A systematic excavation of a geometric site in Crete is therefore of great value, and we owe a debt to Miss E. H. Hall for having carried it out. The results of her work are given in the anthropological publications of the University of Pennsylvania Museum for 1914 (Vol. III, No. 3, "Excavations in Eastern Crete, Vrokastro"). Vrokastro, the place selected by her, is a steep, limestone spur, situated on the east side of the valley of Kalo Khoris, which had for some time been regarded as a promising place for geometric remains. The objects found, which consist chiefly of bronzes and vases, and were discovered mostly in ruined houses and in tombs, range from the Middle Minoan III period to geometric times. In the main settlement on Vrokastro three epochs could be distinguished: the late Mycenæan period, the period of quasi-geometric style, and the geometric period, corresponding, as the author tries to show, to the three great invasions of Crete from the north, those of the Mycenæans, the Achæans, and the Dorians. With regard to the objects themselves, though nothing of great note was unearthed, there are some fine specimens of vases and bronzes of the usual types. One of the most interesting pieces is a bronze tripod of a somewhat rare shape, of which specimens have also been found at Knossos and Athens, and in Cyprus.

A mildly encouraging exhibit appears in the Studio "Year-Book of Decorative Art" (Lane; $3 net)—one not wholly inimical to the hope that civilization may not always proceed on anti-artistic lines. It covers, as usual, a year's progress in several European countries. The exposition is mainly pictorial; the text, brief and perfunctory. The showing would certainly be improved by an American section, for in the applied arts workers resident here reach a very high standard. The tone of the compilation could not fail to be raised by examples of recent work by such artists as I. Kirchmayer, wood sculptor; Mrs. Robineau, potter; Frank Koralewski, iron worker; Arthur J. Stone, silversmith; Charles Connick, stained-glass designer, and others. One feels that, except possibly for the French, these craftsmen are far above the average of those admitted to the year-book. Despite this omission, the Studio's display of houses and their furnishings is impressive.

While in France the arts and crafts revival as a distinctive movement has been perhaps less prominent than elsewhere, the French designers and artisans are so well trained, and their attitudes so professional, that their section quite outclasses the other exhibits. Theirs is mostly serious, logical work in accepted styles; though E. A. Taylor, who writes the introduction, has reason for saying that "for a time art has danced to strains from the Russian ballet, leaving here and there lingering notes on dress, fabrics, wall papers, and cushions." One especially likes M. Chigot's stained glass, Mme. Fernande Maillaud's woollen tapestries, and Edouard Sandoz's wood carving.

British, German, and Austrian craftsmen are determined at all costs to be artists, and their efforts, by comparison with those of the French, often look self-conscious and amateurish. Yet they are doing interesting things. The pictures of English town and country houses give a sense that British architecture is to-day in a healthier state, is less feeble and affected, than at any period since George III. The accessories are not quite so good as the houses—a condition for which the letter-press blames the art schools, though it may be suspected that South Kensington is a symptom, not a cause. When a master like Frank Brangwyn designs a chest for reproduction in incised lacquer one gets, of course, something that is worth while. The Germans are shown by their arts and crafts to be, as of yore, a proud, energetic people, who allow no known style or artistic impulse to get by them. The Austrians and Hungarians are all this, and then prone to devise a few futurist notions of their own.

In "How to Make a Country Place" (Orange Judd Co.) Joseph Dillaway Sawyer writes "an account of the successes and the mistakes of an amateur in thirty-five years of farming, building, and development"; and gives the reader what he considers a "practical plan for securing a home and an independent income, starting with small capital." The author purchased a farm, which by good fortune happened to be in a position to meet a demand for suburban occupancy; and being an enterprising, and evidently an exceedingly capable man, he apparently turned his investment to very good account. He tells here the story of the resultant development with the enthusiasm born of success, and with an enticing optimism that is scarcely warranted by general experience. The book is crammed with all sorts of material relative to farming, horticulture, and building, all being treated in an amateurish fashion. Of the 412 pages, 50 are given to indices, and nearly 150 to photographic plates of the greatest variety, illustrative of the author's many interests, but often having little relevancy to the subject he professes to discuss.

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Finance

THE "$100,000,000 GOLD POOL."

The consent, in a body, of the banks of New York, Chicago, and St. Louis to subscribe from their own reserves their pro-rata share in a fund of $100,000,000 gold, to which (also pro rata) banks at all other "reserve cities" are expected to subscribe, raises a number of extremely interesting questions. The purpose of this so-called "gold pool" is well known. It is designed to guarantee the meeting of the country's maturing dues on the international market.

To insure such payment (if export of gold should be required by the condition of the international account and the state of the foreign exchanges) this large amount of gold is to be collected from bank reserves, each institution contributing in the ratio of its own present gold holdings to the gold in all the reserve city banks. The fund, when collected, is to be administered by a committee of New York bankers, who shall decide when and to what extent the gold shall be sent abroad.

This is a most unusual operation. Except for the recent guarantee of exchange or gold, by New York city's banks, to meet the city government's $82,000,000 maturing foreign obligations, no concerted action, even remotely resembling this, has been witnessed in our financial history. The pledge by the banks and the international bankers, during the national Government's grave financial crisis in 1895, to provide $65,000,000 gold for the Treasury's redemption fund, and meantime to protect the Treasury against loss of its own gold through presentation of Government notes, was quite as unusual an event.

But the bankers of 1895 were undertaking to stop gold exports which were in active progress; they even promised to get half of the gold for the Treasury from abroad. The bankers of 1914 are doing almost exactly the opposite. They are engaging to provide the gold for export, if it is needed for that purpose, and they are doing this when actual gold exports seemed to have halted. Their action is approved, and the general coöperation of the banks is unanimously urged by the Federal Reserve Board. Just what was the situation which required such action?

Briefly, the situation is that the breakdown of international financial operations, which occurred when the war began, left the American market heavily indebted on current account to Europe. It was not merely a matter of the very large foreign holdings of American securities which might or might not hereafter be resold on the New York market. That part of the problem stands by itself. But a great mass of short-term indebtedness had been placed in London by our cities and corporations before the war, and its maturity was near at hand. In all, there was possibly three or four hundred million dollars thus involved in the next few months.

The expectation of the borrowers had been that, on the maturity of such loans, they could be renewed if it was so desired. But the worldwide financial panic at the opening of August, the derangement of banking and credit facilities on all great money markets, and the financial problems created by the war itself, threw the greatest uncertainty on the question of renewal. Our large grain exports provided for a good many London payments; but, unfortunately, while wheat shipments from America to Europe increased greatly beyond their usual value, cotton exports fell to insignificant proportions.

There were two alternatives—to pay our accruing foreign debts in gold, if ordinary exchange bills should not be created in sufficient quantity, or simply to sit still and apply to ourselves a sort of unofficial moratorium. The first threw into doubt the question of our own gold supply; it also foreshadowed irregular and conflicting policies by different banks. The second threatened grave impairment of our foreign credit. This was the reason why, after having insured, through joint action of the New York banks, the meeting of New York city's maturing foreign indebtedness, the plan of raising from all the reserve-city banks a fund of $100,000,000 gold, to be used for export if, when, and as required, has been pursued.

It remains to be seen how much will be required. Experience teaches that the surest way to get a loan renewed, when the borrower so desires, is to show that he can and will pay it off if the lender insists. The surest way to make the creditor implacable is to give him ground for thinking that payment is in doubt. This is the real ground of the present important move. The existence of such a $100,000,000 fund is fairly good guarantee that it will not have to be sent abroad *in toto*. And if it were to be thus sent, the banks can spare it. In the last compiled report (June 30) this country's national banks held $625,000,000 gold in their reserves; the State banks and trust companies possibly as much. Payment from their reserve by the New York city banks of their pro rata share in the $100,000,000 requisition ($45,000,000), would actually reduce their ratio of reserve to deposits from last week's 23½ per cent. to something like 20 per cent. —which would still be well above the ratio prescribed in the new banking law.

The comment of the Federal Reserve Board on the project is that "the evidence of the ability and desire of American bankers to furnish the means of discharging the foreign debts of the merchants and manufacturers of the United States will reopen avenues of credit, and facilitate the payment of this country's foreign indebtedness through the export of its products." This inference is altogether reasonable. The effect on our foreign credit of such an attitude must necessarily be very great. Its effect in bringing the foreign exchange market to a workable basis will be equally important. But, since our export trade, even to neutral ports, has been cut down substantially by the difficulty of arranging international payment, it is quite as certain that the success of the "hundred million gold pool" would instantly stimulate our foreign trade.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Backus, Mrs. Henry. The Rose of Roses. Boston: The Page Co. $1.25 net.
Baker, E. A. Fairmount's Quartette. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.30 net.
Biggers, Earl Derr. Love Insurance. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.
Bosher, K. L. How It Happened. Harper. $1 net.
Brown, Vincent. The Wonder-Worker. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Couperus, L. Small Souls. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.35 net.
Croker, B. M. Lismoyle. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Cullum, Ridgwell. The Way of the Strong. Phila.; George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.35 net.
Daviess, M. T. Phyllis. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Dudley, Robert. In My Youth. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.35 net.
Fraser, Edward. Napoleon the Gaoler. Brentano. $1.75 net.
Freeman, M. E. W. The Copy-Cat and Other Stories. Harper. $1.25 net.
French, A. The Runaway. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Glyn, Elinor. The Man and the Moment. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Griswold, Latta. The Winds of Deal. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Jacobs, C. E., and Richards, L. H. Blue Bonnet in Boston. Boston: The Page Co.
Leblanc, M. The Teeth of the Tiger. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.
Pier, A. S. Grannis of The Fifth. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Piper, M. R. Sylvia's Experiment. Boston: The Page Co. $1.25 net.
Raine, W. M. A Daughter of the Dons. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Read, Opie. The New Mr. Howerson. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co. $1.35 net.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. The Cost of a Promise. G. H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.
Stratemeyer, E. Dave Porter in the Gold Fields. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.25 net.
They Who Question. Anonymous. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Tsanoff, C. S. and R. A. Pawns of Liberty. Outing Publishing Co. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Austin, Mary. California. Painted by Sutton Palmer. Macmillan. $4 net.
Baker, A. E. A Tennyson Concordance. Macmillan. $6.50 net.
Buffet, E. P. The Layman Revato. Douglas C. McMurtie. $2 net.
Cobb, S. The Real Turk. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Cowl, R. P. The Theory of Poetry in England. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Garritt, E. F. The Theory of Beauty. Macmillan. $2 net.
Gladden. W. Live and Learn. Macmillan. $1 net.
Slosson, Edwin E. Major Prophets of Today. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
The House of Deceit. Anonymous. Holt. $1.35 net.
Utter, R. P. A Guide to Good English. Harper. $1.20 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Gleason, A. H. Love, Home, and the Inner Life. F. A. Stokes Co. 60 cents net.
Rall, H. F. New Testament History. The Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Türck, H. The Man of Genius. Macmillan. $4 net.
Varisco, B. The Great Problems. Translated by R. C. Lodge. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Vedder, H. G. The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Wood, I. P., and Grant, E. The Bible as Literature. The Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Davies, E. Collectivist State in the Making. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Emery, L. A. Concerning Justice. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35 net.
Fisher, Irving. Why the Dollar is Shrinking. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

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Higgs, Henry. Financial System of the United Kingdom. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Marot, Helen. American Labor Unions. Holt. $1.25 net.
Official Edition Law Reports and Session Laws State of New York. Albany: J. B. Lyon & Co.
Page, E. D. Trade Morals. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Ross, E. A. The Old World in the New. Century Co. $2.40 net.
Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Industries and Immigration. 1913. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

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